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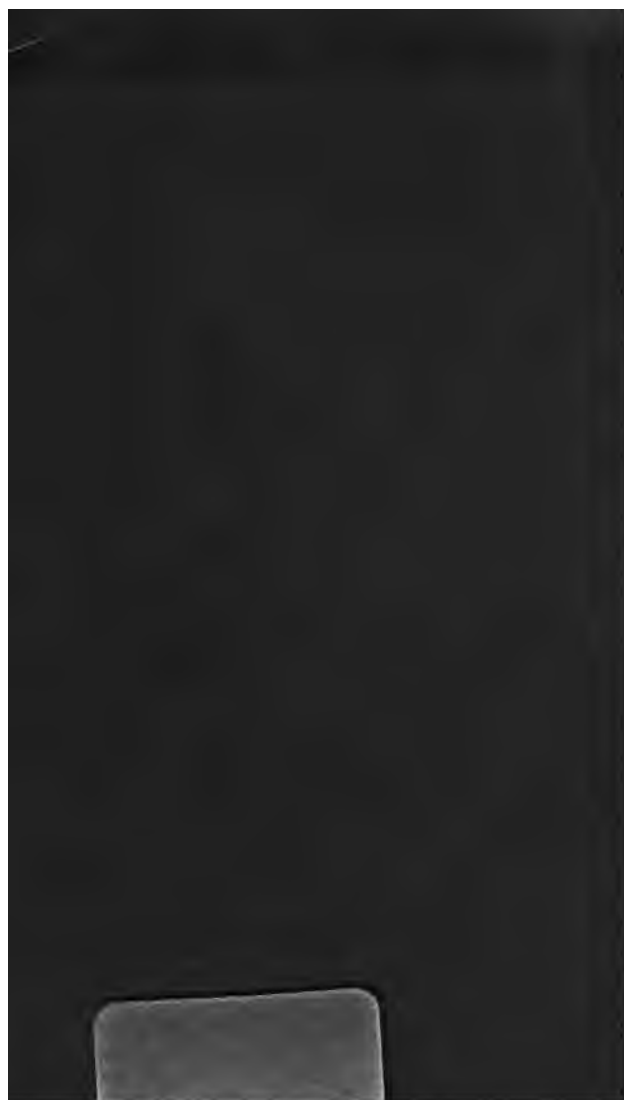
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Lyra Sacra.



*Works by the same Author.*

---

A Discourse on 'Meetness for Heaven.'

The Apostasy: an Explication of 2 Thess. ii.

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'Come out or Go out:' an Address to our Roman Catholic Brethren of England and Ireland.

The Introduction of Christianity into Britain.

Revelation and Science in respect to 'Bunsen's Biblical Researches,' 'The Evidences of Christianity,' and 'The Mosaic Cosmogony:' with an examination of certain statements put forth by the remaining authors of 'Essays and Reviews.'

# Lyra Sacra:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

ODES

AND

FRAGMENTS OF SACRED POETRY

COMPILED AND EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY THE

REV. BOURCHIER WREY SAVILE, M.A.

Author of 'Revelation and Science' &c.



*'Sing us one of the Songs of Zion.'*—Psalm cxxxvii. 3.

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NEW-STREET SQUARE





## PREFACE.

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**H**OLY THOUGHTS clothed in beauteous words form the essence of all true Poetry.

It must, however, be admitted that two qualifications are essentially necessary for a right understanding of this, viz. spirituality of mind, and a due cultivation of the intellectual powers. Cowper has well observed respecting him who confessedly ranks supreme in the realm of song—far above all Poets, ancient and modern, save the inspired singer of Israel,—that ‘none but Christians can fully enter into the beauties of Milton.’ Of Milton’s poetry we must confess that it would require an intellect of similar capacity adequately to comprehend it, and a tongue like his own suitably to speak the praise. The effect of a proper reception of the breathings of this master mind is to invigorate the understanding, purify the affections, uplift the heart, and lead the mind a willing captive skyward, homeward, and to God. Ever will it

endure, as a noble effort of intellectual power of the highest order, sanctified by sorrow, to put to shame those who pervert the noblest gift of Heaven to low and sensual abuse. Ever will it remain a triumphant memorial, as it has been somewhere remarked that 'the lamp of genius shines with the brightest lustre when it is fed with the purest oil.'

With regard to that portion of the *Lyra Sacra*, entitled *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, the Editor wishes it to be understood that the term *Ancient* is used with some latitude, including Authors from times previous to the Christian era down to the beginning of the last century ; his object being to combine some of Zion's Songs, wherewith the faithful of Christ's Holy Catholic Church were wont in ancient days to sing the praises of 'Christ our King,' with the choicest specimens of Hymns, which the compositions of modern times afford.

As all *Ancient Hymns* must necessarily be translations, the Editor desires to acknowledge that he is chiefly indebted to 'the Rev. J. Neale' and to 'Catherine Winkworth,' for their admirable rendering of the Mediæval and German Hymns respectively, which are introduced into this work. In the following collection of *Hymns, Odes, and Fragments of Sacred Poetry*, the Editor indulges himself in the hope that there will be found other Poems, some of which have never before been seen in print,



which are not unworthy of appearing in such sacred companionship as that of the seraphic Milton. And if it be lawful to make a selection, where all by their names may be considered more or less worthy of approval, he would specify in particular the opening Hymn in the *Lyra Sacra*, composed more than four centuries before the Christian era by Eupolis, one of 'Great Socrates' pupils, so remarkable as being the production of one who enjoyed not the advantage of a Revelation from on High, though evidently of that class of heathen so forcibly described by the Apostle, as 'seeking the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him though he be not far from everyone of us;' that thrilling Hymn of Mediæval times, by Peter Damian, on 'The Last Day,' so awfully descriptive of the Judgment to come; the noble Morning Hymn before sunrise, by Coleridge; the magnificent Hymn, in praise of God, by Derzhazen, a Russian poet of no mean celebrity; a translation of the 148th Psalm, by Ogilvie, said to have been composed when only sixteen, and very superior to those versions of the Psalms which are sung in our Churches; and last but not least, a most remarkable Ode on 'The Burial of Moses,' by the wife of an Irish Clergyman, though published, as it appears in this collection, under initial letters, which, for the beauty of its composition, is equal, while, for the loftiness of its subject, it is necessarily superior,

to the well-known and deservedly admired Ode on 'The death of Sir John Moore,' which has been read and approved by all lovers of true Poetry wherever the English tongue is known.

As it will be seen in the present collection that there are a few other *Odes*, besides the one alluded to above, which cannot be said to belong to what is usually termed 'Sacred Poetry,' the Editor wishes to avow that his constant aim and endeavour has been to introduce nothing but what may tend to raise the heart from Nature up to Nature's God. This blessed tendency is specially manifest in the works of such gentle spirits as those of our own George Herbert and Reginald Heber, whose second and therefore better nature seems unconsciously to reflect in their writings that chief characteristic of Deity, which is so simply and effectually described by the tender-hearted Disciple in this one brief sentence, 'God is Love.' Such a subject will naturally be found of frequent recurrence in the *Lyra Sacra*, as the never-failing theme on which the disciple of Christ in all ages has loved to tune his lyre, when seeking to pour forth strains sweet as the melody of Heaven itself. Plato's definition of this Divine Principle, that 'it takes away one's living in himself and transfers it to the party loved,' is necessarily true in the highest degree with regard to our knowledge of Him, 'whom having not seen we love ; in whom


though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' If this thought be consoling during our pilgrim state, that the faithful will take nothing with them into their everlasting home above, save that 'love which never faileth ;' how blessed to see its effect in the daily intercourse of life amidst all the trials and sorrows with which we are profitably encompassed here, and to find it, as the saintly Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man has so truly described it, 'speaking kindly, dealing tenderly, grieving not the hearts of the living, and treading softly upon the graves of the dead !'

In conclusion, the Editor cannot omit to invite attention to a choice selection of Psalms, which have been purposely introduced into this collection, and particularly to that one, to which allusion has been already made, of unsurpassed grandeur and beauty, terminating with a chorus to the praise of Jehovah, in which the Psalmist\* invokes men and angels, sun, moon, and stars, and all the elements : and calls upon them to join in one united Hallelujah to Him who hath made them all. Oh, what mighty power hath not Poetry, when the heart and intellect combine to constrain the soul into making known its wants unto God, and necessarily

\* We avoid naming David as the author of the 148th Psalm. It has no title in the Hebrew ; and in the Syriac version it is attributed to Haggai and Zechariah. The LXX. and the Ethiopic say the same. As a hymn of praise, it is the most sublime in the whole book.



in a far higher degree when directly inspired, like David, and the sacred singers of Israel, by God Himself! To use the language of a distinguished Poet of the present day: 'In the closing Psalms of David we see the almost inarticulate enthusiasm of the lyric poet; so rapidly do the words press to his lips, floating upwards to God their source, like the smoke of a great fire of the soul, wafted by the tempest. Here we see David, or rather the human heart itself, with all its God-given notes of grief, joy, tears, and adoration—poetry sanctified to its highest expression; a vase of perfume broken on the step of the temple, and shedding abroad its odours from the heart of David to the heart of all humanity! Hebrew, Christian, or even Mohammedan, every religion, every complaint, every prayer has taken something from this vase shed on the heights of Jerusalem, wherewith to give forth their accents. The little shepherd has become the master of the sacred choir of the Universe. There is not a worship on earth which prays not with his words, or sings not with his voice. A chord of his harp is to be found in all choirs, resounding everywhere and for ever in unison with the echoes of Horeb and Engedi! David is the Psalmist of eternity. In the Book of Psalms, there are words which seem to issue from the soul of all ages, and which penetrate even to the heart of all generations. Happy the bard who



has thus become the eternal hymn, the personified prayer and complaint of all humanity ! If we look back to that remote age when such songs resounded over the world ; if we consider that while the lyric poetry of all the most cultivated nations only sang of wine, love, blood, and the victories of the coursers at the Olympic games, we are seized with profound astonishment at the mystic songs of the Shepherd-king, who talks to God the Creator as one friend to another, who understands and praises His great works, admires His justice, implores His mercy, and becomes, as it were, an anticipative echo of all evangelical poetry, speaking in accents of truest love, the soft words of our Master Christ, before his coming into the world to die for fallen man.\*

B. W. S.

TATTINGSTONE RECTORY :  
January 1862.

\* Lamartine, *Cours de Littérature*.



PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

---



considerable number of *Hymns*, both *Ancient* and *Modern*, as well as *Odes*, together with a few *Psalms* and *Fragments*, have been added to this present Edition, amounting altogether to about one-fifth additional matter over that of the previous Editions.

TATTINGSTONE RECTORY:  
July 1865.





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## Ancient Hymns.







## Lyra Sacra.

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### ANCIENT HYMNS.

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#### I.

#### THE CREATOR.



AUTHOR of Being, Source of Light,  
With unfading beauties bright ;  
Fulness, Goodness, rolling round,  
Thy own fair orb without a bound ;  
Whether Thee, Thy suppliants call,  
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,  
EI\*, or IAO† : Thee we hail,  
Essence that can never fail,  
Grecian or Barbaric name,  
Thy stedfast Being still the same,  
Thee will I sing, O Father, Jove,  
And teach the world to praise and love.

\* The Grecian name EI, 'Thou art,' inscribed on the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, is supposed to be taken from the Saite inscription 'I am,' and corresponds with Exodus iii. 14, meaning 'Unchangeable.'

† IAO was the 'Barbaric name,' for Jehovah, or Jao, as the Greeks wrote it, intimating His *Unity*, whence the Phœnician IEYΩ, and from thence the Grecian ZEYΣ.

Yonder azure vault on high,  
Yonder blue, low liquid sky,  
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,  
And with circling waves embrac'd,  
All creating power confess,  
All their mighty Maker bless.  
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,  
Sea, earth, and air confess the God.  
Yet does Thy powerful hand sustain  
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thoughts arise  
To Thy pavilion in the skies ;  
Nor can Plato's self declare  
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
Barren above, Thou dost not reign,  
But circled with a glorious train ;  
The Sons of God, the Sons of light,  
Ever joying in Thy sight :  
For Thee their silver harps are strung,  
Ever beauteous, ever young ;  
Angelic forms their voices raise,  
And through heaven's arch resound Thy praise.

The feather'd tribes that skim the air,  
And bathe in liquid æther there ;  
The lark, precentor of their choir,  
Leading them higher still and higher,  
Listen and learn ; th' angelic notes  
Repeating in their warbling throats ;  
And ere to soft repose they go,  
Teach them to mankind below,  
On the green turf, their mossy nest,  
The evening anthem swells their breast ;  
Thus like Thy golden chain from high  
Their praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of Light, Thou bidst the sun  
On his burning axles run ;

The stars like dust around him fly,  
And strew the area of the sky.  
He drives so swift his race above,  
Mortals can't perceive him move :  
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,  
Olympus shakes not with his weight.  
As the Queen of solemn night  
Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
Imparted lustre ; thus we see  
The solar virtue shines by Thee.

And yet, a greater Hero far  
(Unless great *Socrates* could err),  
Shall *rise* to *bless* some *future day*,  
And *teach* to *live*, and teach to *pray*.

Come, UNKNOWN INSTRUCTOR, come !  
Our leaping hearts shall make Thee room ;  
*Thou* with Jove *our vows shalt share*,  
Of JOVE and THEE *we are the care*.

O FATHER, KING, whose Heavenly Face  
Shines serene on *all Thy race*,  
We Thy magnificence adore,  
And Thy well-known aid implore ;  
Nor vainly for Thy help we call,  
Nor can we want, for THOU ART ALL !

*Eupolis*, 5th cent. B.C.

II.

CHRIST.



HEPHERD of tender youth !

Guiding, in love and truth,  
Through devious ways ;  
Christ, our triumphant King,

We love Thy name to sing ;  
And here our children bring  
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our only Lord !  
 The all-subduing Word !  
     Healer of strife !  
 Thou didst Thyself abase,  
 That from sin's deep disgrace  
 Thou mightest save our race  
     And give us light.

Thou art Wisdom's High Priest,  
 Thou hast prepared the feast  
     Of perfect love—  
 When racked with mortal pain,  
 None calls on Thee in vain,  
 Help Thou dost not disdain—  
     Help from above.

Ever be thus our Guide,  
 Our Shepherd, and our Pride,  
     Our staff and song—  
 Jesus ! Thou Christ of God !  
 By Thy perennial Word,  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
     Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
     And joyful sing ;  
 Babes and the gladsome throng  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite to swell the song  
     TO CHRIST OUR KING.\*

*Clemens Alex.*

\* The above hymn, though found in the works of Clemens Alexandrinus, is believed to have been of earlier date than his time, and may have been the hymn which Pliny speaks of in his letter to the Emperor Trajan, A.D. 104, as being sung 'Christo, quasi Deo, secum invicem.'

III.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.



AIL! gladd'ning Light, of His pure  
glory poured,  
Who is th' Immortal Father, Heavenly,  
Blest,  
Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our Lord!  
Now are we come to the Son's hour of rest,  
The lights of Evening round us shine,  
We sing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Divine!  
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung  
With undefiled tongue,  
Son of our God, Giver of Life, alone!  
Therefore, in all the world, Thy glories, Lord, we  
own.\*

*St. Basil.*

IV.

GOD.



HE great, august, Immortal King,  
Th' Eternal Potentate, I sing!  
Let earth be silent while I raise  
The voice of prayer, the note of praise.  
Hushed be the moaning of the breeze;  
The murmur of the waving trees:  
Be stilled the soft, melodious note  
Of each aerial warbler's throat:  
Let tranquil æther, tranquil air,  
Attend the hymn, attend the prayer;  
And deep in ocean's charmed breast,  
Let all the gathered waters rest!

*Synesius.†*

\* Hymn of the 2nd century, preserved by St. Basil, *vide* Routh's *Reliq. Sacra*, iii. p. 299.

† A Platonist, converted to Christianity in the 3rd century.

## v.

## LIFE.

**I**F veiled our eyes, their piercing sight  
 Can yet discern some glimmering light ;  
 And Pilgrims wandering here below,  
 With some celestial impulse glow,  
 When fleeing this domain of life,  
 They tread the pure and hallowed way  
 Up to their Father's realm of day.  
 How blest the soul, which having fled  
 The toils that o'er its path were spread,  
 At one light bound from matter springs,  
 And seeks its God on Rapture's wings !  
 How blest is he, who, after all  
 The ills and changes that befall,  
 Hath trod the intellectual way,  
 And viewed where beams of glory play,  
 The fount of light, the throne of day !  
 Let every wish and thought aspire,  
 On wings of love, on wings of fire ;  
 And O may resolution nerve  
 Thy breast, untaught to yield or swerve.  
 Then will thy Heavenly Parent stand,  
 And proffer, with paternal hand,  
 To lead thee to a kindred band.  
 An orb of fire will blaze before Thee,  
 Reveal the fair ethereal plain,  
 Where beauty first began her reign,  
 And light Thee to the realm of glory.

Awake, my soul, and quaff thy fill,  
 Drink freely of that fountain-rill,  
 Whose wave impregn'd with blessing flows,  
 The Lethe of terrestrial woes—

Bend lowly at thy Father's shrine,  
To earth the cares of earth resign,  
And rise to life and joy divine ;  
To dwell in union with thy God ; perchance  
A God thyself to move in Heaven's eternal dance !

*Synesius.*

VI.

CHRIST.

**R**EDEEMER of the Nations, come !  
Ransom of earth, here make Thy  
home !

Bright Sun, O dart Thy flame to earth,  
For so shall God in Christ have birth !

Thou comest from Thy kingly Throne,  
O Son of God, the Virgin's Son !  
Thou Hero of a two-fold race,  
Dost walk in might earth's darkest place.

Thou stoopest once to suffer here,  
And risest o'er the starry sphere ;  
Hell's gates at Thy descent were riven,  
Thy ascent is to highest Heaven.

One with the Father ! Prince of might !  
O'er Nature's realm assert Thy right.  
Our sickly bodies pine to know  
Thy heavenly strength, Thy living glow.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams !  
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,  
The splendour of thy natal night  
Shines through all Time in deathless light.

*St. Ambrose, 4th cent.*



## VII.

## SLEEP.



MAKER of all, the Lord,  
 And Ruler of the height,  
 Who, robing day in light, hast poured  
 Soft slumbers o'er the night,  
 That to our limbs the power  
 Of toil may be renewed,  
 And hearts be raised that sink and cower,  
 And sorrows be subdued.

*St. Ambrose.*

## VIII.

## REDEMPTION.



SING, my tongue, the glorious battle  
 With completed victory rife,  
 And above the Cross's trophy  
 Tell the triumph of the strife ;  
 How the world's Redeemer conquered,  
 By surrendering of His life.

God, His Maker, sorely grieving  
 That the first-born Adam fell,  
 When he ate the noxious apple  
 Whose reward was death and hell,  
 Noted then this wood, the ruin  
 Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation  
 Needs would have His order so,  
 And the multifarious deceiver's  
 Art by art would overthrow ;  
 And from thence would bring the medicine  
 Whence the venom of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness  
Of the appointed time was come,  
This world's Maker left his Father,  
Left His bright and heavenly home,  
And proceeded, God Incarnate,  
From the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the infant in the manger  
That in Bethlehem's stable stands ;  
And His limbs the Virgin Mother  
Doth compose in swaddling bands,  
Meetly thus in linen folding  
Of her God the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,  
His appointed time fulfilled ;  
Given for this, He meets His Passion,  
For that this He freely willed ;  
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,  
On whose Death our hope we build.

He endured the shame and spitting,  
Vinegar, and nails, and reed ;  
As His blessed side is opened,  
Water thence and blood proceed.  
Earth, and sky, and stars, and ocean,  
By that flood are cleansed indeed.

Faithful Cross ! above all other  
One and only noble tree !  
'None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit compares with Thee :  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,  
Sweetest weight sustaining free.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of glory !  
 Thy relaxing sinews bend ;  
 For awhile the ancient rigour,  
 That thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !  
 And the King of Heavenly Beauty  
 On thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone was counted worthy  
 This world's ransom to uphold ;  
 For a shipwrecked world preparing  
 Harbour, like the Ark of old ;  
 With the Sacred Blood anointed  
 From the wounded Lamb that rolled.

Laud and honour to the Father,  
 Laud and honour to the Son,  
 Laud and Honour to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One :  
 Consubstantial, Coeternal,  
 While unending ages run.

*Venantius,\* 6th cent.*

IX.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.



OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire.  
 Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dulness of our blinded sight.

\* The above, which may be placed in the very first class of Latin hymns, beginning 'Pange, lingua, gloriosi,' was composed by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, during the time of Augustine's mission to this country.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One;  
That through the ages all along  
This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.\*

*Gregory, 6th cent.*

X.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

**B**LESSED city, Heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who, of living stones upbuilt,  
Art the joy of Heaven above,  
And, with Angel cohorts tended,  
As a Bride to earth dost move.

Coming new from highest heaven,  
Ready for the nuptial bed,  
Decked with jewels, to His presence  
By her Lord shall she be led:  
All her streets and all her bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.

\* This beautiful hymn, so well known from its being introduced in the Ordination Service of the Church of England, has been frequently attributed to Charlemagne in the 8th century, but Mone, in his 'Collection of Latin Hymns of the Middle Ages,' more correctly adjudges the authorship to Gregory, commonly called 'The Great.'

Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;  
It is open evermore :  
And by virtue of their merits  
There each faithful soul may soar,  
Who, for Christ's dear Name, in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well these stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the mighty Architect ;  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,  
And the Precious Corner-stone :  
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,  
Binds them closely into one ;  
Holy Sion's acceptation,  
And her confidence alone,

All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved by God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody :  
God the One, and God the Trinal  
Lauding everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come O Lord of Hosts, to-day !  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear Thy servants as they pray :  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within these walls for aye.

Here let all Thy people merit  
That they supplicate to gain :  
Here to have and hold for ever  
Those good things their prayers obtain  
And hereafter, in Thy glory,  
With Thy blessed ones to reign.\*

\* \* \* \* 8th cent.

XI.

DEATH.

**I**N the midst of life, behold  
Death has girt us round ;  
Whom for help then shall we pray ?  
Where shall grace be found ?  
In Thee, O Lord, alone !  
We rue the evil we have done,  
That Thy wrath on us hath drawn,  
Holy Lord and God !  
Strong and Holy God !  
Merciful and Holy Saviour !  
Eternal God !  
Sink us not beneath  
Bitter pains of endless death ;  
Kyrie eleison !

In the midst of death the jaws  
Of hell against us gape.  
Who from peril dire as this  
Openeth us escape ?  
'Tis Thou, O Lord, alone !  
Our bitter suffering and our sin  
Pity from Thy mercy win,  
Holy Lord and God !  
Strong and Holy God !

\* The authorship of this grand hymn, beginning 'Urbs Beata Jerusalem,' is unknown.

Merciful and Holy Saviour !  
 Eternal God !  
 Let us not despair  
 For the fire that burneth there ;  
 Kyrie eleison !

In the midst of hell, our sins  
 Drive us to despair ;  
 Whither shall we flee from them ?  
 Where is refuge, where ?  
 In Thee, Lord Christ, alone ;  
 For Thou hast shed Thy precious blood,  
 All our sins Thou makest good,  
 Holy Lord and God !  
 Strong and Holy God !  
 Merciful and Holy Saviour !  
 Eternal God !  
 Let us never fall  
 From the true faith's hope for all ;  
 Kyrie eleison !

*Nothker, A.D. 900.*

## XII.

### GLORIOUS SALVATION.



O the Name that brings Salvation,  
 Honour, worship, laud we pay ;  
 That for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;  
 But to every tongue and nation  
 Holy Church proclaims to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 By the tongue ineffable,  
 Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 To the ear delectable,  
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
'Tis the Name of Victory ;  
'Tis the Name for meditation  
In the vale of misery ;  
'Tis the Name for veneration  
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches  
Finds it music in his ear :  
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches  
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :  
Who its perfect wisdom reaches  
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted  
Over every other name ;  
That when we are sore assaulted,  
Puts our enemies to shame :  
Strength to them that else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesu, we Thy name adoring,  
Long to see Thee as Thou art ;  
Of thy clemency imploring  
So to write it in our heart,  
That, hereafter, upward soaring,  
We with Angels may have part.\*

\* \* \* \* 10th cent. (?)

\* A translation of a Latin hymn sung by the Germans. Date and author not known.



## XIII.

## HALLELUJAH.

**H**ALLELUJAH, song of sweetness,  
 Voice of joy, celestial lay,  
 Hallelujah is the glory  
 Of the choirs in heavenly day,  
 Which the Angels sing abiding  
 In the house of God for aye.

Hallelujah, joyful Mother  
 Of the Blest, Jerusalem!  
 Hallelujah is the anthem  
 That full well befitteth them,  
 While to sadnefs Babel's rivers  
 Exiles on the earth condemn.

Hallelujah, we deserve not  
 Here to chant for evermore :  
 Hallelujah, our transgressions  
 Make us for a while give o'er :  
 For the holy time is coming  
 That would have us sin deplore.

Wherefore supplicate we, lauding  
 Thee, O Blessed Trinity,  
 We at last may keep our Easter  
 In Thy home beyond the sky,  
 There to Thee our Hallelujah  
 Singing everlastingly.

\* \* \* \* 10th cent.

## XIV.

## PARADISE.

**T**HERE nor waxing moon nor waning,  
Sun nor stars in courses bright :  
For the Lamb to that glad city  
Shines an everlasting light :  
There the daylight beams for ever,  
All unknown are time and night.

For the saints, in beauty beaming,  
Shine in light and glory pure ;  
Crown'd in triumph's flushing honours,  
Joy in unison secure :  
And in safety tell her battles,  
And their foe's discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,  
All their carnal wars are done ;  
For the flesh, made spiritual,  
And the soul agree in one.  
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,  
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being,  
Passingness has passed away ;  
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
For decayed is all decay :  
Lasting energy hath swallowed  
Darkling Death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit  
Hath its varying palm assigned,  
Love takes all as his possession,  
Where his power hath all combined :  
So that all that each possesses  
All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,  
 Unto this Thy city free  
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle  
 I shall cast away from me :  
 A partaker of Thy bounty  
 With thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour  
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,  
 That Thou mayst, the conflict over,  
 Grant me everlasting rest :  
 And I may at length inherit  
 THEE my portion ever blest.

*Peter Damian* \*, 11th cent.

XV.

THE LAST DAY.



WHAT terror in the forethought,  
 Ending scene of mortal life !  
 Heart is sickened, reins are loosened  
 Thrills each nerve with terror rife,  
 When the anxious heart depicteth  
 All the anguish of the strife !

Who the spectacle can image—  
 How tremendous !—of that day  
 When the course of life accomplished,  
 From the trammels of her clay  
 Writhes the soul to be delivered,  
 Agonised to pass away.

\* The above stanzas form a portion of the celebrated hymn 'De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradisi,' by a true Christian, though a Roman Cardinal, and are from Mr. Wackerbath's admirable translation of the same.

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,  
Eyes are filming o'er in death,  
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely  
Gasps the rattling throat for breath :  
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,  
Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him !—cogitation,  
Habit, word, and deed are there !  
All, though much and sore he struggle,  
Hover o'er him in the air :  
Turn he this way, turn he that way,  
On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience' self her culprit tortures,  
Gnawing him with pangs unknown :  
For that now amendment's season  
Is for ever past and gone ;  
And that late repentance findeth  
Pardon none for all its moan.

Fleshly lusts of fancied sweetness  
Are converted into gall,  
When on brief and bitter pleasure  
Everlasting dolours fall ;  
Then, what late appeared so mighty,  
Oh ! how infinitely small !

Christ, unconquered King of Glory !  
Thou my wretched soul relieve  
In that most extremest terror  
When the body she must leave :  
Let the Accuser of the Brethren  
O'er me then no power receive !

Let the Prince of Darkness vanish,  
 And Gehenna's legions fly !  
 Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,  
 To Thy country lead on high ;  
 Where for ever in fruition  
 I may see Thee eye to eye !

*Peter Damian, 11th cent.*

XVI.

CHRIST.



HEAD, so full of bruises,  
 So full of pain and scorn,  
 'Midst other sore abuses,  
 Mocked with a crown of thorn !

O head, ere now surrounded  
 With brightest majesty,  
 In death now bowed and wounded !  
 Saluted be by me.

O Lord, what Thee tormented  
 Was my sin's heavy load !  
 I had the debt augmented,  
 Which Thou didst pay in blood :  
 Here am I, blushing sinner,  
 On whom wrath ought to light ;  
 O Thou, my health's beginner,  
 Let Thy grace cheer my sight.

I'll here with Thee continue  
 (Though poor, despise me not),  
 I'm one of Thy retinue  
 As were I on the spot,  
 When, earning my election,  
 Thy heart-strings broke in death  
 With shame and love's affection,  
 I'll watch my latest breath.

I give thee thanks unfeigned,  
 O Jesus ! Friend in need !  
 For what Thy soul sustained,  
 When Thou for me didst bleed :  
 Grant me to lean, unshaken,  
 Upon Thy faithfulness ;  
 Until from hence I'm taken  
 To see Thee face to face.

Lord, at my dissolution  
 Do not from me depart ;  
 Support at the conclusion  
 Of life my fainting heart ;  
 And when I pine and languish,  
 Seized with death's agony,  
 Oh, by Thy pain and anguish,  
 Set me at liberty ! \*

*St. Bernard, 12th cent.*

XVII.

LIFE.

**B**RIEF life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution,  
 Short toil, eternal rest !  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest ;—

\* The above is rather a translation of a translation, taken from one of Paul Gerhardt's most beautiful German hymns, and which, indeed, is almost too original to be properly termed a translation. Paul Gerhardt is supposed to have been a lineal descendant of Gerhardt, the brother of the great St. Bernard, whose love and affection are so glowingly described in that wonderful sermon preached by the Abbot of Clairvaux on his brother's decease.

That we should look, poor wanderers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !

And now we fight the battle,  
And then we wear the crown  
Of full, and everlasting,  
And passionless renown.

Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,—  
An endless Sabbath day.

Then, then, from his oppressors,  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee.

And the sun-lit land that recks not  
Of tempest or of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite.

Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

And peace, for war is needless,  
And rest, for storm is past,  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.

There God my King and portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

There Jacob unto Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah unto Rachel  
For ever shall be changed.

There all the halls of Sion  
For aye shall be complete ;  
And in the land of Beauty  
All things of beauty meet.

To thee, O much-loved country !  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion !  
O Paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy.

Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small ;  
The cedar of the forest  
The hyssop of the wall.



With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays.

Thy ageless walls are bounded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the Corner-stone is CHRIST.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile ;  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile.

Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl, thine own ;  
The Lamb is ever near Thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone.

And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings  
The ills that were thy merit,  
The joys that are thy King's.

Jerusalem the golden !  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not  
What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare.

And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints ;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And many a martyr throng ;

The Prince is ever in them,  
The light is aye serene ;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,  
And there, from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast,

And they beneath their Leader,  
Who conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The joy of the elect,  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect.

Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
Ev'n here thy walls discern ;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only  
That look'st from Heav'n below,  
For thee is all my glory,  
In me is all my woe.

And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain ;  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.

O land that seest no sorrow !  
O state that fear'st no strife !  
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !  
O realm and home of life ! \*

*Bernard*, 12th cent.

\* These very beautiful lines form a portion of a lengthy poem  
On the Contempt of the World,' by Bernard of Cluny, the con-  
temporary of his more illustrious namesake, better known as  
St. Bernard, one of whose hymns will be found in this collection.

## XVIII.

## HEAVEN.

**T**IGH the angel choirs are raising  
Heart and voice in harmony ;  
The Creator King still praising,  
Whom in beauty there they see.  
Sweetest strains, from soft harps stealing ;  
Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing ;  
Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,  
Up the steps of glory streaming ;  
Where the heavenly bells are ringing,  
Holy, holy, holy ! singing  
To the mighty Trinity !  
Holy, holy, holy ! crying ;  
For all earthly care and sighing  
In that city cease to be !

Every voice is there harmonious,  
Praising God in hymns symphonious ;  
Love each heart with light enfolding,  
As they stand in peace beholding  
There the Triune Deity,  
Whom adore the Seraphim,  
Aye with love eternal burning ;  
Venerate the Cherubim,  
To their fount of honour turning ;  
Whilst angelic thrones adoring,  
Gaze upon his Majesty.

Oh, how beautiful that region,  
And how fair that heavenly legion,  
Where thus men and angels blend !  
Glorious will that city be,  
Full of deep tranquillity,  
Light and peace from end to end !

All the happy dwellers there  
 Shine in robes of purity ;  
 Keep the law of charity,  
 Bound in firmest unity ;  
 Labour finds them not, nor care,  
 Ignorance can ne'er perplex,  
 Nothing tempt them, nothing vex ;  
 Joy and health their fadeless blessing  
 Always all things good possessing.

*Thomas à Kempis, 14th cent.*

XIX.

THE LAST DAY.



GR<sup>EAT</sup> God, what do I see and hear !  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear  
 On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead, which they contained before ;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

‘ The dead in Christ shall first arise,’  
 At the last trumpet’s sounding !  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding :  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.

Far over space to distant spheres  
 The lightnings are prevailing ;  
 The ungodly rise, and all their tears  
 And cries are unavailing :  
 The day of grace is past and gone ;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.

Stay, Fancy, stay, and close thy wings ;  
Repress thy flight too daring ;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing ;  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

*Martin Luther, 16th cent.*

XX.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.



COME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,  
Be all Thy graces now outpour'd  
On the believer's mind and soul,  
And touch our hearts with living coal.  
Thy light this day shone forth so clear,  
All tongues and nations gather'd near,  
To learn that faith, for which we bring  
Glad praise to Thee, and loudly sing,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,  
Teach us to know our God aright,  
And call Him Father from the heart :  
The word of life and truth impart,  
That we may love not doctrines strange,  
Nor e'er to other teachers range,  
But Jesus for our Master own,  
And put our trust in Him alone.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

Thou sacred ardour, comfort sweet,  
Help us to wait with ready feet  
And willing heart at Thy command,  
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.

Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,  
 Strengthen the flesh in ~~weaker~~ hours,  
 That as good warriors we may force  
 Through life and death to Thee our course.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

*Martin Luther. 1524.*

XXI.

HEAVENLY LOVE.



LOVE ! lift me up upon thy golden wings  
 From this base world unto thy heaven's height,  
 Where I may see those admirable things  
 Which there thou workest by thy sovereign  
 might,  
 Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,  
 That I there of an heavenly hymn may sing  
 Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things  
 Are now contained, found any being place  
 Ere fitting time could wag his eyas wings  
 About that mighty bound which doth embrace  
 The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by  
 space,  
 That high Eternal power, which now doth move  
 In all these things, moved in itself by love.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lamp of light,  
 Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,  
 Vouchsafe to shed into my barren sprite  
 Some little drop of Thy celestial dew,  
 That may my rhymes with sweet infuse imbue,  
 And give me words equal unto my thought,  
 To tell the marvels by Thy mercy wrought.

O blessed well of love ! O flower of grace !  
O glorious morning star ! O lamp of light !  
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,  
Eternal King of glory, Lord of might,  
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds be light,  
How can we requite for all this good ?  
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,  
Thou must Him love, and His behests  
embrace,  
All other loves with which the world doth blind  
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,  
Thou must renounce, and utterly displace,  
And give thyself unto Him full and free,  
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possessed,  
And ravished with devouring great desire  
Of His dear self, that shall thy feeble breast  
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeal through every part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,  
And all earth's glory on which men do gaze  
Seem dust and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,  
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,  
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth  
daze  
With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspired be,  
With heavenly thoughts, far above human  
skill ;



And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
 Th' idea of His pure glory present still  
 Before thy face, that all thy spirit shall fill  
 With sweet enragement of celestial love,  
 Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

*Edmund Spenser, 1560*

## XXII.

## LOVE.



WHO lives in love, loves least to live,  
 And long delay doth rue,  
 If Him he loved by whom he lives,  
 To whom all love is due :  
 Who for our love did choose to live,  
 And was content to die ;  
 Who loved our love more than His life,  
 And love with life did buy.

Let us in life, yea, with our life,  
 Requite His living love ;  
 For best we live when best we love,  
 If love our life remove.  
 Where love is hot, life hateful is,  
 Their grounds do not agree ;  
 Love where it loves, life where it lives,  
 Desireth most to be.

And sith love is not where it is,  
 Nor liveth where it loves,  
 Love hateth life that holds it back,  
 And death it best approves :  
 For seldom is He won in life  
 Whom love doth most desire,  
 If won in love when not enjoyed  
 Till mortal life expire.

Life out of earth hath no abode,  
 In earth, love hath no place,  
 Love settled hath her joy in heaven,  
 In earth, life all her grace.  
 Mourn therefore no true lover's death,  
 Life only him annoys,  
 And when he taketh leave of life,  
 Then love begins his joys.  
*Robert Southwell, 1570.*

XXIII.

JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.



ABOUT the holy city rolls a flood  
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,  
 On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :  
 Of living diamonds the building was,  
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass.  
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,  
 And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,  
 On which soft streaming manna like pure snow  
 did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,  
 Where the eternal Temple should have rose,  
 Lightened the Idea Beatifical,  
 End and beginning of each thing that grows ;  
 Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,  
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,  
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear,  
 That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;  
 Before and after all, the first and last ;  
 That moving all, is yet immoveable ;  
 Great without quantity ; in whose forecast

Things past are present, things to come are  
past ;  
Swift without motion, to whose open eye  
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;  
At once absent and present to them far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,  
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony ;  
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,  
Or flowery odour mixed with spicery,  
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;  
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,  
A harmony that sounds within the breast,  
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth  
rest.

A heavenly feast no longer can consume ;  
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;  
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume  
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace  
That no satiety can e'er unlace ;  
Ingraced into so high a favour there,  
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds  
outwear,  
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do  
hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,  
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater  
gains,  
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,  
Spending your endless evening that remains  
Among those white flocks and celestial trains  
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame  
That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,  
Psalming aloud the holy honours of His Name !

*Giles Fletcher, 1610.*

## XXIV.

## CONTENTMENT.

**B**E thou content ; be still before  
His face, at whose right hand doth  
reign  
Fulness of joy for evermore,  
Without whom all thy toil is vain.  
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays  
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.  
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,  
And changeless love beyond our thought ;  
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
If He is there, shall harm thee not.  
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears, nay, death is in His hands  
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?  
God careth for thee, lonely one,  
Comfort and help He will provide.  
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.  
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,  
Thy secret sighs He hears full well ;  
What to none else thou dar'st disclose,  
To Him thou may'st with boldness tell.  
He is not far away, but ever nigh,  
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.  
Be thou content.

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We know for us a rest remains,  
 When God will give us sweet release  
 From earth and all our mortal chains,  
 And turn our sufferings into peace.  
 Sooner or later death will surely come,  
 To end our sorrows and to take us home :  
 Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here  
 Served the Lord faithfully and well,  
 Who died in peace without a fear,  
 And there in peace for ever dwell ;  
 The Everlasting is their joy and stay ;  
 The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,  
 Be thou content.  
*Paul Gerhardt, 1670.*

## XXV.

## GOD THE SON.



ESUS, Thy boundless love to me,  
 No thought can reach, no tongue  
 declare ;  
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
 And reign without a rival there :  
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;  
 Be Thou alone my constant flame !

O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell but Thy pure love alone :  
 O may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;  
 Strange flames far from my heart remove—  
 May every act, word, thought, be Love !

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !  
 All pain before Thy presence flies ;

Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise :  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

Still let Thy love point out my way !  
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought !  
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

*Paul Gerhardt.*

XXVI.

CHRIST.



WELL for him who all things losing,  
E'en himself doth count as nought ;  
Still the one thing needful choosing,  
That with all true bliss is fraught !

Well for him who nothing knoweth  
But his God, whose boundless love  
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth  
Calm and pure as saints above !

Well for him who all forsaking,  
Walketh not in shadows vain,  
But the path of peace is taking  
Through this vale of tears and pain !

Oh that we our hearts might sever  
 From earth's tempting vanities,  
 Fixing them on Him for ever,  
 In whom all our fulness lies !

Oh that we might Him discover,  
 Whom with longing love we've sought,  
 Joining us to Him for ever,  
 For without Him all is nought !

Thou abyss of love and goodness,  
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,  
 That our senses, soul and spirit,  
 Ever one with Christ may be !

\* \* \* \* 17th cent.

XXVII.

ETERNITY.



TERNITY, Eternity !  
 How long art thou, Eternity !  
 A circle infinite art thou,  
 Thy centre an eternal Now,  
 Never, we name thy outer bound,  
 For never end therein is found,  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !  
 How long art thou, Eternity !  
 A little bird with fretting beak  
 Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,  
 Though but each thousand years it came ;  
 Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.  
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !  
How long art thou, Eternity !  
They who lived poor and naked rest  
With God, for ever rich and blest,  
And love and praise the highest good,  
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.  
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !  
How long art thou, Eternity !  
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,  
O Man, that oft thou think on me,  
The sinner's punishment and pain ;  
To them who love their God, rich gain !  
Ponder, O man, Eternity !  
*Wülfer, 1648.*







**Psalms.**



I.

PSALM XIX.



HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What, though no real voice or sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
' The hand that made us is Divine.'

*Addison.*

## II.

## PSALM XXIII.



HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

*Addison.*

III.

OUR TIMES. PSALM XXXI. 15.



FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,

And a mind to blend with outward life  
 While keeping at Thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to Thee.  
 More careful not to serve Thee much,  
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,  
 That call for patient care ;  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 And an earnest need for prayer ;  
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 For my inmost heart is taught 'the truth  
 That makes Thy children 'free ;'  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

*Anna L. Waring.*

IV.

PSALM XLVI.



OD is our refuge, our strong tower,  
 Secur'd by His almighty power,  
 When dangers threatened to devour.

Thus armed, no fears shall chill our blood,  
 Though earth no longer stedfast stood,  
 And shook our hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise  
In foaming billows to the skies,  
And mountains shake with horrid noise ;

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring  
Which gladness to God's city bring,  
The mansion of the Eternal King.

He in her centre takes His place,  
What foe can her fair tower deface,  
Protected by His early grace ?

Tumultuary nations rose,  
And armèd troops our walls inclose,  
And His feared voice unnerved our foes.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,  
Who hath to desolation brought  
Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive wars to cease,  
The earth deflowered of her increase,  
Restores with universal peace.

He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,  
The bloody spear in pieces shivers,  
Their chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear, and know that I, the Lord,  
Will by all nations be adored ;  
Praise with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side ;  
The God by Jacob magnified ;  
Our strength on whom we have relied.

*George Sandys, 1599.*



## v.

## PSALM XLVI.



OD is our refuge in distress,  
Our safeguard in the wilderness,  
Our shelter from the storm ;  
Though winds and waves a conflict  
make,  
Though earth's foundations reel and shake,  
We need not fear alarm.

A peaceful river softly flows  
In tranquil streams to gladden those  
Who put their trust in God ;  
Within His holy place they feel  
The comfort of His presence still  
While oceans roll abroad.

What though the heathen madly rage,  
And kingdoms in fierce war engage,  
When God sends forth His voice ;  
He makes the glittering spear to bend  
Sends peace to earth's remotest end,  
And bids the world rejoice.

Be still and know that He is God,  
He rules the earth with iron rod,  
And sits enthroned above :  
He dwells with those who own His name,  
The God of Jacob still the same—  
The God of peace and love.

VI.

PSALM LXXII.

**H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail ! in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And reign in equity.

He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong :  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light ;  
Whose souls, in misery dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared,  
While sun and moon endure,  
Beloved, adored, revered,  
For He shall judge the poor,  
Through changing generations,  
With justice, mercy, truth,  
While stars maintain their stations,  
And moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope like flowers  
Spring in His path to birth ;

Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace the herald go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee ;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see :  
With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing :  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore ;  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest :

The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
His name—what is it ?—Love.

*James Montgomery.*

## VII.

## PSALM LXXXII.



ULL-robed in highest majesty,  
'Mid seraph throng in realms of light,  
Where glory dazzles mortal sight,  
Jehovah sits and rules on high.

Before His throne of snowy white  
Assembled myriads hear Him give  
His righteous laws to all that live,  
And own Him just and right.

Like Him, ye governors of earth,  
Who sitting oft in regal state  
Decide the claims of poor and great,  
Approve your aim of equal worth ;

And stay the hand of ruthless power  
From needy widows in distress,  
And orphans ; and their wrongs redress,  
Till bold injustice, trembling, cower.

Each day beholds oppression's sway ;  
Now right recedes, now triumphs wrong,  
And sinners swell their boastful song,  
To chase their conscious fears away.

The laws which guide the fixed course  
Of nature overwhelmed are  
When, all the elements ajar,  
Their varied paths with conflict force ;

When rivers flow above their source,  
And verdure paints earth's lofty peaks,  
And night illumes with sunny streaks  
The forest glades and caverns hoarse.

So now in restless conflict are  
His sense of right and love of wrong,  
Distracting, as time whirls along,  
Corrupted man with ceaseless war.

The breath of God inspired his frame,  
And linked to form of Godlike kind  
A spark of life divine—a mind  
Unspotted yet by sin or shame.

Injustice ratifies the doom  
Deserved by all, escaped by those  
Alone whose heart with pity glows ;  
And steeps the soul in endless gloom :

Like some great prince, whose glory grows  
By scenes of desolation spread,  
Where wringing hands and shaven head  
His subjects' misery disclose ;

Cut off with sudden stroke by Him  
Who hears the cry of anguish loud  
Wrung from the poor by tyrants, proud  
That they a rival's glory dim.

Yet thus no more shall man oppress ;  
The wicked tremble at Thy rod,  
And own Thy power, our King and God:  
Come, Lord, Thy heritage possess.

*J. G.*

## VIII.

## PSALM XCII.



HE everlasting God is King !

Let earth ten thousand voices raise,  
And all the isles His glorious praise  
In joyful anthems sing.

He sits upon His throne of state,  
By righteousness and truth upborne,  
Where, at the birth-time of the morn,  
The darkness opes her gate.

He casts His firebrands from on high ;  
His eyes with vivid lightnings flash,  
His voice peals like the thunder-crash  
Between the earth and sky.

The mountains melted when He came  
In mighty power to give His law,  
And all His enemies to awe ;  
His breath was burning flame.

A chorus of the heavenly host  
Of radiant seraphim did bless  
The Lord's all-perfect righteousness ;  
Earth saw—in wonder lost.

Let all confounded be with shame  
Who yet their vain oblations pour,  
And in their impious prayers adore  
And bless an idol's name.

Lord, in Thy courts Thy people stand  
With gladsome hearts to worship Thee ;  
They still rejoice, for still they see  
Thy judgments shield their land :

For Thou, O God, in all the earth,  
 Art only great, and princes must  
 With idol gods, low in the dust,  
 Confess Thy glorious worth.

Ye sons and daughters of His choice,  
 Still flee the lusts which live within,  
 And every path that leads to sin,  
 But in His ways rejoice.

Thus shall His guardian care defend  
 Your lands, and lives, and hearts from ill,  
 And all your souls with goodness fill,  
 And keep you to the end.

A light shall cheer your gloomy way,  
 And, growing brighter, it shall burn  
 A star of glory, till it turn  
 Your darkness into day.

Ye righteous, then, rejoice! and raise  
 With thankful hearts a grateful song,  
 And in loud symphonies prolong  
 Your Holy Maker's praise.

*J. G.*

IX.

PSALM CXVII.


**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !  
 Eternal truth attends Thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Isaac Watts.*

X.

PSALM CXXI.

P to the hills I lift my eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the Everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts He made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord ; His heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power ;—  
And in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

*Isaac Watts.*



XI.

PSALM LXXII.



HAT joy, while thus I view the day,  
That warns my thirsting soul away,  
What transports fill my breast !  
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And leads me to His Rest.

The festal morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to the hallowed dome,  
Thy presence to adore ;  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,  
And tread th' ethereal floor.

E'en now to my expecting eyes  
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;  
E'en now, with glad survey,  
I view her mansions that contain  
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,  
And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo, the redeemed of God ascend,  
Their tribute hither bring :  
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail the Immortal King :

Great Salem's King, who bids each state  
On her decrees dependent wait ;  
In her, ere time begun,  
High on eternal base upreared,  
His hands the regal seat prepared  
For Jesse's favoured Son.

Mother of cities ! o'er thy head  
See peace, with healing wings outspread,  
Delighted fix her stay.  
How blest, who calls himself thy friend !  
Success his labours shall attend,  
And safety guard his way.

Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,  
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,  
Nor war's wild wastes deplore ;  
There smiling plenty takes her stand,  
And in thy courts with lavish hand  
Has poured forth all her store.

Let me, blest seat, my name behold  
Among thy citizens enroll'd,  
In thee for ever dwell.  
Let Charity my steps attend,  
My sole companion and my friend !  
And Faith and Hope farewell ! \*

*Zuinger.*

## XII.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

## I.



EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's name.  
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and  
skies  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

\* Mr. Merrick's translation of the Latin verses of Zuinger, and found in Melchior Adamus' work; 'Vitæ Germanorum Medicorum.'

## II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair,  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim ;  
Tell how He formed your shining frame,  
And breathed the fluid air.

## III.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let ev'ry listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

## IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;  
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid ;  
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,  
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise Him in the shade.

## V.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode ;  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
Who called yon worlds from night :  
' Ye shades, dispel ! ' th' Eternal said ;  
At once th' involving darkness fled,  
And nature sprang to light.

## VI.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
United praise bestow.

Ye dragons, sound His awful name  
To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,  
Ye swelling deeps below.

VII.

Let ev'ry element rejoice ;  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To Him who bids you roll :  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

VIII.


To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;  
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,  
Your great Creator own ;  
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
How Sinai kindled at His look,  
And trembled at His frown.

IX.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,  
Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,  
In mutual concourse rise ;  
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
In incense to the skies.

X.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;  
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To Him who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
And tuned your voice to praise.



## XI.

Let man, by nobler passion swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread His tremendous name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch brings back the sound,  
The gen'ral burst of joy.

## XII.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,  
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,  
Fall prostrate at His throne ;  
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;  
Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power  
An image of His own.

## XIII.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
O praise th' eternal source of love  
With youth's enlivening fire ;  
Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
Sigh His blessed name—then soar away,  
And ask an angel's lyre.

*Ogilvie.*



## **Modern Hymns.**



I.

GOD THE FATHER.



BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to His fold again.

We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Isaac Watts.*



## II.

## GOD THE FATHER.



OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His deep designs,  
And works His Sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace :  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His works in vain :  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

*William Cowper.*

III.

GOD THE FATHER.



OD of my life, to Thee I call ;  
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,  
I have an advocate with Thee ;  
They, whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*William Cowper.*

## IV.

## GOD THE FATHER.



TERNAL Power ! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face beneath his wings ;  
And ranks of shining thrones around,  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
We would adore our Maker too !  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,  
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name,  
But, oh ! the glories of Thy mind,  
Leaving all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below :  
Be short our tunes ; our words be few ;  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*Isaac Watts.*

v.

GOD THE FATHER.



GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of Thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an everlasting stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand  
Pleased with the morning light ;  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

*Isaac Watts.*

VI.

GOD THE FATHER.



H Father of Heaven ! look down from above,  
 Illumine my paths by the light of Thy love,  
 That sleeping or waking, by night or by day,  
 My footsteps may ever be found in Thy way.

When the world's bright allurements before me are  
 shining,  
 And to follow their course my fond heart is inclining—  
 Oh make me remember how small is their worth,  
 How empty and vain are the pleasures of earth !

When passions within their wild warfare are waging,  
 And sinful temptations my mind are engaging,  
 Be Thy arm my support, and if virtue should shrink,  
 Uphold the weak nature, which haply might sink.

When my soul is o'erwhelm'd by the waves of distress,  
 And doubt and despair my faint spirits oppress,  
 May the Beacon of Faith, beaming bright from above,  
 Guide my tempest-tost bark to Thy harbour of love !

When disease this corruptible form shall assail,  
 And human assistance no more can avail,  
 Be Thy mercy my stay when I draw my last breath,  
 And Thy grace my support through the valley of death !

And oh ! when the trumpet shall sound from on high,  
 And the Saviour and Judge shall appear in the sky,  
 May I hear the words spoken, ' Thy sins are forgiven,'  
 May my portion be that of the blessed in heaven !

*C. A. S.*

VII.

GOD THE FATHER.



PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;

And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
' Our beauties are but for a day ! '

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky !  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
' Our days of light are numbered. '

O God ! O Good beyond compare !  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be,  
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

*Bishop Heber.*

VIII.

GOD THE SON.



ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour  
comes,

The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song !

He comes the prisoners to release  
 In Satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

*Philip Doddridge.*

IX.

GOD THE SON.



OW sweet the Name of Jesu sounds  
 In a believer's ear !  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast ;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place,  
 My never-failing treasury fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton.*

X.

GOD THE SON.

**T**HE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,  
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;  
And Israel, on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder.  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right,  
The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of love, on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,  
In nature's hour of danger.  
For us He bore the weight,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His Father's anger.



The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
 The King of all created,  
 Shall back return to claim His right,  
 On clouds of glory seated ;  
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,  
 And hallelujahs loud and long,  
 O'er death and hell defeated !

*Bishop Heber.*

XI.

GOD THE SON.



ORD ! let my heart still turn to Thee,  
 In all my hours of waking thought,  
 Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,  
 Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

In every hour of pain and woe,  
 When nought on earth this heart can cheer,  
 When sighs will burst and tears will flow,  
 Lord, hush the sigh and chase the tear.

In every dream of earthly bliss,  
 Do Thou, dear Jesus, present be ;  
 Nor let a thought of happiness  
 On earth intrude apart from Thee !

To my last lingering thought at night,  
 Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near ;  
 And ere the dawn of opening light,  
 In still small accents wake mine ear.

Whene'er I read Thy sacred Word,  
 Bright on the page in glory shine ;  
 And let me say, ' This precious Lord  
 In all His full salvation's mine.'

And when before the throne I kneel,  
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer,  
And let each hope of heaven I feel  
Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.

Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee  
In every hour of waking thought ;  
Nor let me ever wish to be,  
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not !

*Lady Powerscourt.*

XII.

GOD THE SON.



THOU blessed Saviour, sacred Spring,  
As clear as crystal glistening ;  
Thou stream of blessing, pure and free,  
All splendour of the Cherubim,  
And holiness of Seraphim,  
Is darkness when compared with Thee  
O Thou my pattern here,  
Make me Thy image bear ;  
My all in all,  
Oh, teach Thou me,  
And let me be  
All pure and holy like to Thee.

Oh, gentle Jesus, as Thy will  
Was subject to Thy Father's still,  
Yea, even unto death resigned ;  
Oh, let me thus like Thee be passive,  
My heart and will to Thee submissive,  
Guided entirely by Thy mind ;

Like Thee may I be mild,  
 And gentle as a child,  
     As docile too !  
 Ah, teach Thou me,  
     And let me be  
 Meek and obedient, like Thee.  
*Tholuck.*

## XIII.

## GOD THE SON.



FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace !

My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honours of Thy Name.

Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
     That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
     'Tis life, and health, and peace !

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
     New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
     The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
     Your loosened tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
     And leap, ye lame, for joy !

*Charles Wesley.*

XIV.

GOD THE SON.



WAKE and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of His rising power ;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,  
Ye blessed children, come ;  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

*William Hammond.*

## XV.

## GOD THE SON.

**R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.


Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !

*Augustus Toplady.*

XVI.

GOD THE SON.

 HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious Blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me :

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other Name but Thine.

*William Cowper.*

## XVII.

## GOD THE SON.



ESUS, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest  
Upon Thy tender, loving breast,  
Where deep compassions ever roll  
Towards my helpless, weary soul.

Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears,  
Expels my griefs, and calms my fears ;  
Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,  
And bids each anxious thought depart.

Blest foretaste this of joys to come  
In Thy eternal, heavenly home ;  
Where I shall see Thy smiling face,  
And know Thy rich, unfathomed grace.

That grace sustains my spirit now,  
Though still a pilgrim here below ;  
That grace suffices, comforts, guides,  
Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.

Yes, Thou art with me, O my God,  
To bear me on to Thy abode,  
Where I shall never cease to prove  
Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

Help me to praise Thee day by day,  
Till earth's dark scenes are passed away,  
Till in Thine own unclouded light  
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

*H. B.*

XVIII.

GOD THE SON.

**B**EHOLD ! th' Ambassador divine,  
Descending from above,  
To publish to mankind the law  
Of everlasting love !

On Him, in rich effusion poured,  
The heavenly dew descends ;  
And truth divine He shall reveal  
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet sound, at His approach,  
Shall strike the wondering ears ;  
But still and gentle breathes the voice  
In which the God appears.

By His kind hand the shaken reed  
Shall raise its falling frame,  
The dying embers shall revive,  
And kindle to a flame.


The onward progress of His zeal  
Shall never know decline ;  
Till foreign lands and distant isles  
Receive the law divine.

\* \* \*



## XIX.

## GOD THE SON.


 ESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine,  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me,  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.

\* \* \*

## XX.

## GOD THE SON.

 ESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress :  
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
'Jesus hath lived and died for me.'

Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully through Thee absolved I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,—  
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice ;  
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

*Zinzendorf.\**

XXI.

GOD THE SON.



AMB of God, who Thee receive,  
Who in Thee desire to live,  
Cry by night and day to Thee,  
As Thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix our wavering mind,  
To Thy cross us firmly bind :  
Gladly now we would be clean,  
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery ;  
Thine we are, Thou Christ of God,  
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

\* This beautiful hymn is usually attributed in modern collections to Charles Wesley, but it was originally composed by that saintly Moravian, Count Zinzendorf, on his voyage to the West Indies, A.D. 1736. Like the character of the author, it approaches more nearly to the hymns of ancient times than the usual compositions of the present day.

Sinners who in Thee believe,  
 Everlasting life receive ;  
 They with joy behold Thy face,  
 Triumph in Thy pardoning grace.

Life deriving from Thy death,  
 They proceed from faith to faith ;  
 Walk the new, the living way,  
 Leading to eternal day.

Blessed are those who follow Thee,  
 While this light of life they see ;  
 Filled with Thy sacred love,  
 They Thy quickening power prove.

Praise on earth to Thee be given,  
 Never-ceasing praise in heaven ;  
 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
 Love unspeakable, are Thine !

*Schindler.*

## XXII.

### GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys ;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers !  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*Isaac Watts.*

XXIII.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let Thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;  
Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then we shall know, and praise, and love  
 The Father, Son, and Thee !

*Joseph Hart.*

XXIV.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



SPRIT of the living God !

In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
 To preach the reconciling word ;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light ;  
 Confusion, order in Thy path ;  
 Souls without strength inspire with might,  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
 All the round earth her God to meet ;  
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;  
 The triumphs of Thy cross record ;  
 The name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

*James Montgomery.*

XXV.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.



PIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love !  
O shed Thine influence from above,  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's amazing glory sung ;  
And let the listening earth be taught  
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort ! Heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside ;  
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

\* \* \*

XXVI.

NARAYENA,\* THE HOLY SPIRIT.



PIRIT of Spirits, who through every part  
Of space expanded and of endless time,  
Beyond the stretch of labouring thought  
sublime,

Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,  
Before Heaven was, Thou art.

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd on spheres above,  
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,  
Thou sat'st alone, till through Thy mystic love,  
Things unexisting to existence sprung,  
And grateful descant sung.

\* Narayena, in the Sanskrit, signifies 'The Spirit of God,' or He who moved on the Waters, which we know to have been the work of the Third Person in the Trinity, according to Genesis i. 2.

What first impelled Thee to exert Thy might?  
 Goodness unlimited. What glorious light  
 Thy power directed? Wisdom without bound—  
 What proved it first? Oh! guide my fancy right,  
 Oh ! raise from cumbrous ground  
 My soul in rapture drowned,  
 That fearless it may soar on wings of fire ;  
 For Thou, who only know'st, Thou only canst  
 inspire !

My soul absorbed One only Being knows,  
 Of all perceptions One abundant Source,  
 Whence every object every moment flows :  
 Suns here derive their force,  
 Hence planets learn their course ;  
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more—  
 God only I perceive, God only I adore !

\* \* \*

## XXVII.

## THE TRINITY.



THOU, whom neither time nor space  
 Can comprehend, unseen, unknown ;  
 Nor Faith in boldest flight can trace,  
 Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son !

And Thou, who from Thy bright abode,  
 To us in mortal weakness shown,  
 Didst graft the manhood into God,  
 Eternal, Co-Eternal, Son !

And Thou, whose Unction from on High,  
 By Comfort, Light, and Love is known ;  
 Who, with the parent Deity,  
 Dread Spirit ! art for ever ONE,

Great First and Last ! Thy blessing give ;  
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone—  
To love and praise Thee while we live,  
And do whate'er Thou would'st have done.

\* \* \*

## XXVIII.

## MORNING HYMN.



THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent  
of good,  
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how  
wondrous then !  
Unspeakable, Who sitt'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle His throne rejoicing : ye in heaven ;  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

\* \* \* \* \*

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.



Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

*Milton.*

## XXIX.

## MORNING HYMN.



AST thou a charm to stay the Morning Star  
 In his steep course ? so long he seems to pause  
 On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc ?  
 The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base  
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most mighty form !  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently ! Around thee and above,  
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial black ;  
 An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it  
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from Eternity.

O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought ; entranced in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
 Yea with my life, and life's own secret joy,  
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing there,

As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !  
Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake !  
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.  
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
O, struggling with the darkness all night long,  
And all night visited by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink ;  
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald ; wake, O wake, and utter praise !  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down these precipitous, black, jagged rocks  
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
And who commanded (and the silence came)  
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow,  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !  
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full Moon ? Who bade the Sun  
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living  
flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !  
God ! sing ye meadow streams, with glad some voice  
Ye pine groves with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost !  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou, too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast.  
Thou, too, again stupendous Mountain ! thou,  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
To rise before me——

Rise, O ever rise !  
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth !  
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

*Coleridge.*

xxx.

MORNING HYMN.



WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay Thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;  
Think how All-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake ! awake ! Ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend !

May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight,  
Perform like you my Maker's will !  
O may I never more do ill !

Had I your wings, to Heaven I'd fly ;  
But God shall that defect supply ;  
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept !  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake  
I may of endless light partake !

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,  
Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,  
And in hymns to be employ'd !

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;  
O never then from me depart !  
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be  
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Bishop Ken.*

XXXI.

MORNING HYMN.

**T**HUES of the rich unfolding morn,  
That ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible,  
Around his path are taught to swell ;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakest each little leaf to sing.

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise !  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love,  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of Heaven in each we see :  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain,  
Untired we ask, and ask again ;  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
 When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
 Counting the cost, in all to espy  
 Their God, in all themselves deny.

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
 Our neighbour and our work farewell ;  
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
 For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,  
 Would furnish all we ought to ask,  
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,  
 Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,  
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—  
 The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
 Fit us for perfect Rest above ;  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

*John Keble.*

XXXII.

CHRISTMAS.



**W**HAT sudden blaze of song  
 Spreads o'er the expanse of Heaven?  
 In waves of light it thrills along,  
 Th' angelic signal given—  
 'Glory to God !' from yonder central fire,  
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire ;

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever :  
'Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love, salvation and  
release!'

Yet stay, before thou dare  
To join that festal throng,  
Listen, and mark what gentle air  
First stirred the tide of song ;  
'Tis not, 'the Saviour born in David's home,  
To whom for power and health obedient worlds  
should come.'

'Tis not 'the Christ the Lord :—  
With fixed adoring look  
The choir of Angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke ;  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ  
should be,  
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The hope and glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid ;  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the  
royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcomed and adored,  
How should I part with Thee ?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt  
grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.



O faint ye not for fear !  
 What though your wandering sheep,  
 Reckless of what they see and hear,  
 Lie lost in wilful sleep ?  
 High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,  
 Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,  
 The Saviour left for you ;  
 Think on the Lord most holy, come  
 To dwell with hearts untrue :  
 So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,  
 And in the darkness sing your carol of high  
 praise.

*John Keble.*

### XXXIII.

### CHRISTMAS.

**T** came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold :  
 ' Peace to the earth, good will to men  
 From Heaven's all-gracious king : '  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all that weary world :  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on heavenly wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And men, at war with men, hear not  
The love-song which they bring :  
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow ;  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

*E. H. Sears.*

## XXXIV.

## CHRISTMAS.



DAY of blessing to the nations !  
Day whose light was seen afar !  
Day whose glorious revelations  
Sources sweet of comfort are !  
Angels hailed me with a song ;  
We their notes of joy and peace prolong.

On the world thick darkness rested,  
Long had reigned the gloom of night,  
When thy glorious dawn invested  
Earth with heaven's unclouded light.  
We thy coming still would bless,  
Day of Christ, our Sun of Righteousness.

Midst the gloom of early ages  
Lonely rays would herald thee,  
And the Muse of holy sages  
Light, with torch of prophecy.  
Songs with hope and music sweet,  
Lingered where they might thy dawning greet.

Rising like the star of morning  
John proclaimed the waking day  
Ere it rose, to Judah scorning ;  
For its brightness shrouded lay.  
Though a manger was his bed,  
Christ o'er earth a heavenly glory shed.

Eager souls, alone, beheld it,  
Hasting towards approaching day :  
Interposing hills concealed it  
From indifferent delay.  
Still, the seekers only find :  
Still, dark shades oppress the inly blind.

Now, beneath its healing vigour  
Grow celestial graces here ;  
Adam's curse has lost its rigour ;  
Dries the penitential tear.  
On this birth day of our king  
To His praise let men and angels sing.

Yet, His glorious work pursuing,  
Higher still He climbs the sky,  
Darkness everywhere subduing ;  
Shades of night before Him fly.  
Soon the darkest realms of earth  
Glad shall bless the morn of Jesu's birth.

Peace shall triumph, and contention  
Cease to mar the joys of earth ;  
Men shall make exulting mention  
Of their glorious Saviour's worth :  
Now, their hymns of praise arise ;  
Soon, their swelling notes shall fill the skies.

Quickly speed that hour of blessing,  
Noon of Gospel day, soon come.  
Then salvation's joys possessing,  
We shall reach our heavenly home ;  
And eternal day shall spend  
Where the peace Christ brought shall never end.

*J. G.*

XXXV.

## CHRISTMAS.



HAPPY, happy Christmas ! and  
 A merry bright New Year !  
 How sweet the kind old greeting sounds  
 In every heart and ear.

No matter how care-burdened, and  
 No matter how depressed ;  
 A something in their welcome makes  
 Them dear to every breast.

We heard them in our childhood, when,  
 With spirits light and gay,  
 We dreamed not that life's joyfulness  
 Could ever pass away ;  
 And though long years of carefulness  
 Have sobered many a heart,  
 A joy still lingers round them, which  
 Can never quite depart.

Nor ever shall if Christian-like  
 We count the rolling years,  
 Not as removing joys from us,  
 But sins, and cares, and tears ;  
 And upward, onward bearing us,  
 To that bright land and blest,  
 Where ' the wicked cease from troubling and  
 The weary are at rest.'

No year can open gloomily  
 For him whose heart doth yearn ;  
 Above all hopes and tears on earth,  
 To sue His Lord's return ;  
 As stars their light, and mists their shade,  
 Lay down before the day,  
 So joys and griefs of earth, in Heaven's  
 Calm sunshine fade away.

My soul ! would'st thou with happiness  
 The opening year begin ?  
 Come, kneel by Jesu's cradle-bed,  
 And count the cost of sin  
 His tears were wept to dry thine eyes,  
 His grief was for thy gain ;  
 The octave of thy song of joy  
 Was His first cry of pain.

Thence, let the year its colouring  
 Of sober duty take ;  
 Rise up—go forth—do every thing  
 For thy dear Saviour's sake.

*Monsell.*

XXXVI.

EPIPHANY.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 Morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
 thine aid ;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

*Bishop Heber.*

## XXXVII.

## THE EUCHARIST.



ORD, Thy life let us receive,  
For in Thee we do believe ;  
Let Thy body and Thy blood  
Be to us our soul's best food.

Crush and kill each secret sin,  
That would reign our hearts within ;  
Let our hearts Thy temple be,  
Pure to praise and worship Thee.

Jesus, at Thy latest feast,  
John once leaned upon Thy breast ;  
Filled, like him, with love divine,  
Let us on Thy breast recline.

More than to parched land soft showers,  
More than dew to drooping flowers,  
Precious be to us Thy grace,  
Till we see Thee face to face.

Now prepare us, Lord, we pray,  
For that dread and glorious day ;  
Make us daily more and more,  
Holier, happier, than before.

Father of the Eternal Son,  
Let Thy will in us be done ;  
Now, and till our latest hour,  
Change us by the Spirit's power.

In this feast, and in Thy word,  
Gazing on Thy glories, Lord,  
More like Thee let us become,  
Heavenly for our heavenly home.

Churton.

XXXVIII.

THE EUCHARIST.



READ of the world in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed !  
By whom the words of life were spoken.  
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;  
And be Thy feast to us the token,  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

*Bishop Heber.*

XXXIX.

THE CROSS.



ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee ;  
All things else for Thee forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition !  
God and Heav'n are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me ;  
It has left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue !  
And whilst Thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might !  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;  
Show Thy face and all is bright.



Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favour, loss is gain !  
I have called Thee, Abba, Father !  
I have set my heart on Thee !  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
’Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !  
Oh ’tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me !  
Oh ’twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in ev’ry station,  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what spirit dwells within thee !  
Think what Father’s love is thine !  
Think that Jesus died to win thee !  
Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven’s eternal day’s before thee,  
God’s own hand shall guide thee there !  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to full fruition,  
Faith to fight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

XL.

THE CROSS.



WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts.*

XLI.

THE RESURRECTION.



THOU shalt rise, my dust! thou shalt  
arise!

Not always closed thine eyes ;  
Thy life's first Giver  
Will give thee life for ever.

Ah, praise His name!

Sown in darkness, but to bloom again.  
When, after winter's reign,  
Jesus is reaping  
The seed now quietly sleeping.  
Ah, praise His name!

Day of praise! for thee, our wondrous day,  
 In my quiet grave I stay ;  
 And when I number  
 My days and nights of slumber,  
 Thou wakest me !

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise,  
 With Jesus to the skies,  
 And find that morrow,  
 The weary pilgrim's sorrow  
 All past and gone.

Then, within the Holiest, I tread,  
 By my Redeemer led,  
 Through Heaven soaring,  
 His holy name adoring  
 Eternally.

*Klopstock.*

## XLII.

### THE RESURRECTION.



HAT sinners value I resign,  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show,  
 But the bright world to which I go  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

Oh glorious hour! oh blest abode!  
 I shall be near and like my God ;  
 And flesh and sin no more controul  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

*Isaac Watts.*

XLIII.

ST. STEPHEN.



HE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain ;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain ;  
He prayed for them that did the wrong !  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel !  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid—  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
 Through peril, toil, and pain !  
 Oh God ! to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train !

*Bishop Heber.*

XLIV.

MISSIONS.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle ;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile ;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation ! O Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

*Bishop Heber.*

XLV.

JERUSALEM.



HY own musician, Lord, inspire,  
And may my consecrated lyre  
Repeat the Psalmist's part !  
His son and Thine reveal in me  
And fill with sacred melody  
The fibres of my heart.

So shall I charm the listening throng,  
And draw the living stones along  
By Jesu's tuneful name.  
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a city in the skies,  
The New Jerusalem.

*Charles Wesley.*

## XLVI.

## JERUSALEM.



JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! enthroned once on  
 high,  
 Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou  
 heaven below the sky  
 Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to  
 see,  
 Jerusalem! Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh, hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath  
 the wing  
 Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King!  
 Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp  
 to see,  
 And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

‘And who art thou that mournest me?’ replied the ruin  
 grey,  
 ‘And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away!  
 I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee  
 But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

‘Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy  
 spent.  
 For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange their  
 punishment;  
 Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,  
 Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on  
 thee.

‘Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime  
 Oh turn and seek thy Saviour’s face, in this accepted time  
 So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,  
 And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be!’

*Bishop Heber.*

## XLVII.

## JERUSALEM.



HE holy Jerusalem  
From highest heaven descending,  
And crowned with a diadem  
Of angel bands attending  
The living city built on high  
Bright with celestial jewelry,

She comes, the Bride, from Heaven,  
The nuptial state adorning,  
To meet the Immaculate  
Like coming of the morning :  
Her streets of purest gold are made,  
Her walls a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are dight  
Upon that Holy Mountain,  
And thither come, both day and night,  
Who in the living Fountain  
Have washed their robes from earthly stain,  
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown  
The living stones are moulded  
To a glorious shrine, all one,  
Full soon to be unfolded :  
The building wherein God doth dwell,  
The Holy Church Invisible.

Glory be to God, who laid  
In heaven the foundation ;  
And to the Spirit, who hath made  
The walls of our salvation ;  
To Christ Himself the Corner stone !  
Be glory to the Three in One !



## XLVIII.

## HOLY LIFE.



FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee !

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

*William Cowper.*

XLIX.

HALLELUJAH.

**H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banners furled,  
Sheathed His sword : He speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of His son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away :  
Then the end !—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

*James Montgomery.*

## L.

## SONG OF THE ANGELS.



HAIL ! Hail ! Hail !

Welcome to your realm of beauty !

Welcome to your blest abode !

Thus, with mingled love and duty,

We, the elder sons of God,

Join our voices to salute ye,

Pour our echoing strains abroad.

Now let triumph ride the gale,

Peace and joy and praise prevail !

It is finished ! Hail ! All-hail !

Finished is the six-days' wonder,

Since Jehovah's voice of might

From the secret place of thunder

Spake the word, and there was light.

We have watched the glad returning

Of the day-star to the earth,

From the chamber of the Morning

Marching like a bridegroom forth.

We have watched the grand progression

Of the changes, as they passed

Through each beautiful succession,

Ye the loveliest ! ye the last !

'Tis the Sabbath of Creation !

God upon His throne doth rest ;

And His smile of approbation,

All His perfect work hath blest.

Of the mighty lyre of Nature

Harmonised is every chord ;

And the least and loftiest creature

Breathes thanksgiving to the Lord.

Ye, in whom the beauty liveth,  
We have longed and watched to view,  
Praise with us the God who giveth  
You to us and us to you.

For ye,—for ye have a soul like ours ;  
It heaves in your bosom, it beams thro' your eye ;  
Baptized in the feelings, endowed with the powers,  
That burn through the depth of eternity.  
And happy are we, unto whom 'tis given  
To tend you as guardians, and cheer you as friends ;  
Happy to speed from our homes in Heaven,  
And carry the blessings your Father sends.

We will encamp you around by night,  
Your holy rest to keep ;  
Like the hills that watch in shadowy night  
Round the lake so pure and deep,  
Which, dreaming of distant worlds of light,  
Lies locked in their arms asleep.

And as that still lake awakes and rejoices,  
When Zephyr his playmates hath found ;  
That dance to shore with their liquid voices,  
Telling their joy around ;  
So ye shall awake at our gentle call,  
From your pillow of fern and heather ;  
And we'll sing to the God and Father of all,  
Our Matin praise together.


When past the freshness of the dawning,  
And spent the spirits of the breeze ;  
When fiery noon comes down, embrowning  
The slippery turf beneath the trees ;  
Our wings shall interweave an awning,  
Of cooler shade than these.

And when the sapphire gates of even  
Open to realms beyond ;  
When Earth to the embrace of Heaven  
Doth glowingly respond ;  
When sweet and slumbrous melodies  
O'er land and water creep,  
As Nature sits, with half-shut eyes,  
Singing herself to sleep.

Ye shall catch the gleam of our golden hair,  
In the wake of the sinking sun ;  
And we'll wander on earth, or hover in air,  
With our robes of glory on.  
And those whose mission with daylight closes,  
As homeward they hie them fast,  
Shall leave you a chaplet of Heaven's own roses,  
On the mountain they touched the last.

Yet not to the animal taste alone  
Is our office of love confined,  
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone  
To the subtler sense of mind.  
In the beauty that woos the eye around,  
In the music that haunts the ear,  
Ye shall feel a presence more profound  
Than aught that ye see and hear.

A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,  
From the mountain's crest elate,  
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder,  
Announces ' GOD IS GREAT.'  
Where in the forest's lonely place  
The fountain dwells secure,  
With smiles upon its dimpled face,  
It tells us ' GOD IS PURE.'



The humblest flower, the tiniest creature,  
That creeps, or swims, or flies,  
Joins with the mightier forms of nature  
To attest that 'GOD IS WISE.'  
The blessing with the sunshine given,  
Wakes joy in field and grove ;  
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to Heaven  
Makes answer 'GOD IS LOVE.'

Thus borrowing from material things  
A token and a tone,  
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs  
God sees and God alone.  
And would ye know what deeds are done  
In other worlds afar ;  
And call down teachers many a one  
From planet and from star ?

Delightful task, to single out  
Some twinkling point of light  
From all the diamonds wreathed about  
The coronal of night ;  
And draw you of its scenery  
A landscape grand and strange,  
And trace through all its history  
The wondrous path of change !

Yet there be vast and dim dominions,  
Ocean without a shore,  
Which not the boldest angel-pinions  
Have ventured to explore ;  
And there be mysteries fathomless,  
Wrought in a realm of fire,  
Whereat the Cherubim may guess,  
But have not dared enquire.

One thing we know, that ages back,  
Before your earth was made,  
There rose a cloud, so densely black  
It cast e'en Heaven in shade.  
That darkness passed, and light on high  
Again serenely shone ;  
But when we looked along the sky,  
Ten thousand stars were gone !

Again the angel-watch was set  
The eternal gates before ;  
But many a face we there had met,  
We met again no more.  
God o'er their fate a veil has spread,  
Nor further may we win ;  
Save of its cause a rumour dread,  
That sighed the name of sin.

God guard us safe from aught of ill,  
In knowledge or in deed !  
To know His love, to do His will—  
We ask no higher meed.  
May nought avert the blessing given  
His creatures at their birth ;  
Disturb the harmonies of Heaven,  
Or mar the peace of earth !

*Hankinson.*

## LI.

## DEATH.

**T**HE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,  
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,—  
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death?  
O grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,  
The wife, the children weeping nigh,  
The dismal pageant of the dead—  
These, these are not thy victory!

But from the much-loved world to part,  
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,  
All nature struggling at the heart,  
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To dream through life a gaudy dream  
Of pride and pomp and luxury,  
Till wakened by the nearer gleam  
Of burning, boundless agony;

To meet o'er soon our angry King,  
Whose love we passed unheeded by—  
Is this, O death, thy deadliest sting?  
O grave, and this thy victory?

O Searcher of the secret heart,  
Who deigned for sinful man to die!  
Restore us ere the spirit part,  
Nor give to hell the victory!

*Bishop Heber.\**

\* This powerful description of untamed sin at its closing hour will more forcibly remind the reader of that awful hymn by Peter amian on 'the Last Day,' which is given in this collection, than that is usually found in modern compositions.



## LII.

## PRAYER.



O up and watch the new-born rill  
 Just trickling from its mossy bed,  
 Streaking the heath-clad hill  
 With a bright emerald thread.

Can'st thou her bold career foretell,  
 What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,  
 How far in Ocean's swell  
 Her freshening billows send ?

Perchance that little brook shall flow  
 The bulwark of some mighty realm,  
 Bear navies to and fro  
 With monarchs at their helm.

Even so, the course of prayer who knows?  
 It springs in silence where it will,  
 Springs out of sight, and flows  
 At first a lonely rill :

But streams shall meet it by and by  
 From thousand sympathetic hearts,  
 Together swelling high  
 Their chaunt of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears  
 The good Cornelius knelt alone,  
 Nor dreamed his prayers and tears  
 Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terraced roof  
 The loved Apostle to his Lord  
 In silent thought aloof  
 For heavenly vision soared,

Far o'er the glowing western main  
His wistful brow was upward raised,  
Where, like an angel's train,  
The burnished water blazed.

The saint beside the ocean prayed,  
The soldier in his chosen bower,  
Where all his eye surveyed  
Seemed sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,  
Yet brethren true in dearest love  
Were they,—and now they share  
Fraternal joys above.

*John Keble.*

LIII.

PRAYER.



FATHER of all, in every age,  
In every clime adored ;  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find the better way !

Teach me to feel another's woe ;  
To hide the faults I see ;  
The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

*Pope.*

## LIV.

## PRAYER.



PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,  
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
 The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and  
 earth.

Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's towre,  
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
 The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,  
 A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear.

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
 Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,  
 Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
 The milkie way, the bird of Paradise.

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's  
 blood,  
 The land of spices, something understood.

*George Herbert.*

## LV.

## PRAYER.



PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Uttered or unexpressed ;  
 The motion of a hidden fire,  
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear,  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death ;  
He enters Heaven with prayer. .

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, ' Behold he prays !'

The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Their fellowship they find.


Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus on th' eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way !  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

*James Montgomery.*

## LVI.

## PRAYER.

 O prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks  
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;  
 His light is on all below, above—  
 The light of gladness, the light of love ;  
 Oh ! then on the breath of the early air  
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.


To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,  
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on,  
 Like a curtain from heaven's high hand it flows,  
 To shade the couch where his children repose ;  
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
 And give the last thoughts to the guardian of night

To prayer ! for the day that God has blest  
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest ;  
 It speaks of creation's early bloom  
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb :  
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers  
 And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

*E. D. Rhodes.*

## LVII.

## SAVOUR.

 OME sweet savour of Thy favour  
 Shed abroad in every heart :  
 Heaven-ward as to Thee we go,  
 Leaving guilt and fear below—  
 Blessing, praising without ceasing,  
 Bid us, Lord, depart.

\* \* \*

LVIII.

MERCIES.



TENDER mercies on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal love I owe

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee  
Be an everlasting Song.

*Anna L. Waring.*

LIX.

ETERNITY.



OME, Brethren, let us go !  
The evening closeth round ;  
'Tis perilous to linger here  
On this wild desert ground.

Come towards eternity:  
Press on from strength to strength,  
Nor dread your journey's toils nor length,  
For good its end shall be.

Come, wander on with joy,  
For shorter grows the way,  
The hour that frees us from the flesh  
Draws nearer day by day.  
A little truth and love,  
A little courage yet,  
More free from earth, more apt to set  
Your hopes on things above.

For this all things we dare,—  
 'Tis worth the risk I trow,—  
 Renouncing all that clogs our course,  
 Or weighs us down below.  
 O world, thou art too small,  
 We seek another higher,  
 Whither Christ guides us ever nigher,  
 Where God is all in all.

Friends of our perfect choice,  
 Thou Joy of all that live,  
 Being that know'st not chance or change,  
 What courage dost Thou give !  
 All beauty, Lord, we see,  
 All bliss and life and love,  
 In Him in whom we live and move,  
 And we are glad in Thee.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731.*

LX.

EVENING HYMN.



ARK! the Vesper Hymn is stealing  
 O'er the waters soft and clear ;  
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
 Now it bursts upon the ear.  
 Farther now, now farther stealing,  
 Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating  
 To the shore, it dies along ;  
 Now, like angry surges meeting,  
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.  
 Hush ! again, like waves retreating  
 To the shore, it dies along.

*Thomas Moore.*

LXI.

EVENING HYMN.



ON the dewy breath of Even,  
Thousand odours mingling rise,  
Borne like incense up to Heaven,  
Nature's Evening Sacrifice.

With her balmy offerings blending,  
Let our glad thanksgivings be  
To Thy throne, O Lord ascending,  
Incense of our hearts to Thee !

Praise we yield, yet still while dwelling  
On the thanks Thy mercies claim,  
Darker thoughts their tale are telling,  
Full of grief, and full of shame.  
Oft rebellious, oft mistaken,  
Sorrowing, at Thy feet we bow ;  
Yet though Thee we have forsaken,  
O our God ! forsake not Thou !

Thou, whose favours without number,  
All our days with gladness blest,  
Let Thine eye, which knows not slumber,  
Guard our hours of helplessness :  
And, when life is closing round us,  
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,  
Let Thy beams of love surround us,  
Let us know and feel Thee near !



## LXII.

## EVENING HYMN.



IS gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near :  
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live :  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
 Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :  
 Amid the howling wintry sea,  
 We are in port if we have Thee.\*

Oh by Thine own sad burthen, borne  
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,  
 Teach Thou *Thine own* their daily cross  
 To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

*Keble.*

\* John vi. 21.



ODES.



I.

GOD.



THOU Eternal One! whose presence  
bright

All space doth occupy, all motion  
guide ;

Unchanged through Time's all ever-  
lasting flight,

Thou only God : there is no God beside.

Being above all beings ! Mighty One !

Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,

Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,

Being whom we call *God*, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the Ocean deep, may count

The sands, or the sun's rays ; but God ! for Thee

There is no weight or measure ; none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries ; reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;

And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,

Even like past moments in Eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did call,

First chaos, then existence,—Lord, on Thee

Eternity had its foundation ; all

Spring forth from Thee ; all light, joy, harmony,

Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create ;

Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine ;

Thou art and wert ; and shalt be glorious ! great !

Life-giving, life-sustaining, Potentate !

Thy chains th' immeasured universe surround ;  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death !  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from  
Thee,  
And as the spangles on the sunny rays  
Shine around the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?  
A glorious company of golden streams ?  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?  
But Thou to these art as the Moon to night.

Yes ! As a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?  
What am I then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought  
Against infinity ! What am I then ?—*nought*.

Nought—but the influence of Thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too !  
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought—but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence : for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell : I lift my eye  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity ;  
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be !

THOU ART ! directing, guiding all. THOU ART !  
Direct my understanding then to Thee ;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart ;  
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand ;  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the bound'ries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me ;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is Spirit-Deity !  
I can command the lightning and am dust !  
A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a God !  
Whence came I here, and how ? So marvellous,  
Constructed and conceived ? Unknown, this clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy :  
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator ! Yes—Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me ! Thou source of life and good !  
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord ;  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,  
Fill'd me with an immortal song, to spring  
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thought ineffable ! O visions blest !  
 Though worthless are conceptions all of Thee —  
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.  
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,  
 Thus seek Thy presence—being wise and good.  
 'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore !  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

*Derzhazin.\**

## II.

### GOD.



HERE is an unknown language spoken  
 By the loud winds that sweep the sky ;  
 By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-  
     broken,  
 And waves on rocks that dash and die ;  
 By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,  
 The moonlight sleeping on the vale,  
     The mariner's sweet distant hymn,  
 The horizon that before us flies,  
 The crystal firmament that lies  
     In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,  
 The sunset on the mountain's shades,  
 The snow that day-break is adorning,  
     And eve that on the turret fades ;  
 The city's sounds that rise and sink,  
 The fair swan on the river's brink,

\* The above magnificent ode, by a distinguished Russian poet, is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking, which was destroyed by the English armies in the war of 1860. It is also translated into the Japanese tongue, and hangs in the temple of Jeddo.

The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,  
The ancient temple on the hill,  
The solemn silence, deep and still,  
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, O God ! this voice is telling,  
Thou who art Truth, Life, Hope, and Love ;  
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,  
To whom bright morning looks above ;  
Of Thee proclaimed by every sound,  
Whom nature's all-mysterious round  
Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;  
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all  
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,  
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure  
This voice, resounding from all time ;  
Each one, according to his measure,  
Interpreting its sense sublime.  
But ah ! the more our spirits weak  
Within its holy depths would seek,  
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy ;  
A weight, too great for earthly mind,  
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find  
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes  
Its sight upon the glorious sun,  
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes  
With rosy clouds that towards it run ;  
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,  
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,  
And sees but gloomy specks float by ;  
And darkness indistinct o'ershade  
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,  
And the clear bosom of the sky.

*Lamartine.*



## III.

## MILTON.

## I.



AM old and blind !  
Men point to me as smitten by God's  
frown,  
Afflicted and deserted of my mind,—  
Yet I am not cast down,

## II.

I am weak, yet strong—  
I murmur not that I no longer see—  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father supreme ! to Thee.

## III.

O Merciful One,  
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

## IV.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me,—and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

## V.

On my bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

## VI.

I have nought to fear ;  
My darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

## VII.

Oh ! I seem to stand  
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been.  
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land  
Which eye hath never seen.

## VIII.

Visions come and go—  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—  
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

## IX.

It is nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs of Paradise refresh my brow,  
The earth in darkness lies.

## X.

In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

## XI.

Give me now my lyre !  
I feel the strivings of a gift divine ;  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire  
Lit by no skill of mine.

*Elizabeth Lloyd.*

## IV.

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

**B**Y Nebo's lovely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale of the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.  
But no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no one saw it e'er ;  
For the Angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth ;  
But no one heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
Or the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek  
Fades in the setting sun—

Noiselessly as the spring time,  
Her crest of verdure waves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves ;  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle,  
On gray Beth-Peor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie,  
Looked on the wondrous sight ;  
Perchance some lion, stalking,  
Still shuns the hallowed spot ;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car ;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his matchless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
They lay the sage to rest ;  
And give the bard an honoured place,  
With costly marble drest ;  
In the great minster's transept high,  
With lights like glories fall,  
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword ;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word ;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, words half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall ;  
The dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lovely land,  
To lay him in the grave ?

In that deep grave without a name,  
 Whence his uncoffined clay  
 Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—  
 Before the judgment day;  
 And stand with glory wrapped around,  
 On the hills he never trod,  
 And speak of the strife that won our life,  
 Through Christ th' Incarnate God.

O silent tomb in Moab's land,  
 O dark Beth-Peor's hill,  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
 And teach them to be still!  
 God hath His mysteries of grace,  
 Ways that we cannot tell;  
 He hides them deep, like the sacred sleep  
 Of him He loved so well.

C. F. A.

v.

THE NEW YEAR.



STOOD, in spirit, where the wings  
 Of angels may not soar,  
 Where loftiest imaginings  
 Had never flown before.

My spirit-eye endured the light  
 And never waxed dim,  
 Which dazzles the full-orbed sight  
 Of bright-eyed cherubim.

My spirit-ear was strong to hear  
 Sweet chords like molten rays  
 Intensely quivering, far, or near,  
 Angelic notes of praise.

Great powers had nerved my spirit-sense  
To bear the wondrous scene,  
Unutterable radiance,  
Divinity serene.

Then marked I in that wondrous light  
(The sun himself had there  
Seemed but a blot, a speck of night)  
One drawing slowly near.

By his bent head, and reverend air,  
His shrivelled skin and sere,  
His record book, and hoary hair  
Knew I the dead Old Year.

Before that awful throne he laid  
The record of the earth,  
Of every thought, and word, and deed,  
Done since the year had birth.

Oh! sad and bitter tales it told  
Of woe, and pain, and guilt,  
And pride, and hate, and lust of gold,  
And blood in anger spilt.

It told of trampled liberties  
Wild threats in anguish hurled,  
Oppression done in justice' guise,  
Satan's black flag unfurled.

An awful tale! its mournful tone  
Shrilled the great vault along;  
Dimmed the effulgence from the throne,  
And jarred the Angels' song.

When lo! another came between,  
Whom by his aspect true,  
Bright looks, and joyous eye and mien,  
The New-born Year I knew.

And in his hand an open book,  
And on his brow a scroll,  
Wherein was written ' Search and look  
Within my fateful roll !'

I looked—and there were written there  
Strong resolutions high,  
Bright hopes, and expectations fair  
For far futurity.

' These,' said he, ' all the years have borne,  
And these I also bear ;  
A fitting object of my scorn  
These two books to compare.

' I enter on my course, while men  
Praying on bended knees  
Form new resolves, and frame again  
Hopes, wishes such as these.

' Temptation treads the heels of prayer,  
Sins press and crowd and throng ;  
Hence at my close the book I bear  
Is one long tale of wrong !'

Thus bitter were the words he spake,  
And for myself I knew  
That of his scorn I must partake,  
His words of me were true.

Hence o'er me thrilled strange agony  
Bitter and deep as hell,  
And from my elevation high  
Precipitate I fell.

But, falling, yet I felt a voice  
Throughout the naked sense,  
Which made my inmost heart rejoice,  
'Trust thou in Providence !

'Form higher hopes, more true resolves;  
Grace aids, where will hath striven ;  
The New Year with the earth revolves,  
God is unchanged in Heaven.'

*A. E.*

VI.

REPENTANCE.

**T**HAT time rough winter blasts the earth did  
tame,  
Storms of ill fortune shook my glorious frame!  
There's none so wise, so merciful and fair,  
at and shining with all virtues rare ;  
's by abject wretches trampled down,  
me once on his endeavours frown.

nd, that once did grace to all dispense,  
ove no heart to a remorseful sense :  
oyal face, whose smiles afforded bliss,  
louds of dark dishonour blackened is :  
sals once, do spurn me now : and those,  
I esteem'd my friends, do prove my foes.  
ho, that heard how once they prais'd my name,  
think that from those tongues these slanders  
ame ?



But sinful soul, why dost thou thus repine,  
When justly humbled by the hand Divine ?  
The father's scourge is for our profit meant :  
I see Thy rod, and, Lord, I am content.  
Chide me, my Father, till Thou wilt give o'er,  
Afflict, till Thou art pleased to restore :  
Thy son submits and doth Thy will obey ;  
But grieves, thus long he did this work delay .

Now then, my Father, view my wretched case ;  
And shine upon me with a smiling face ;  
Forgive what's past : for what's to come assist ;  
Then I'll take gladly what my murd'ers list :  
I've lost my kingdom ; yet I sha'nt repine,  
If (after all) I gain but that of Thine.

To Thee, sweet Jesus, humbly here I bend :  
I loathe my sins, do Thou Thy pardon send :  
Fountain of love, allow my hearty prayers ;  
Remember Thine own blood, though not my tears.  
When man afflicts, then, Lord, do Thou forgive:  
And when I die, grant that my soul may live.\*

*Edward II.*

\* The above is a translation of some touching lines composed by the dis-crowned Plantagenet previous to his being so inhumanly murdered in Berkeley Castle at the instigation of Roger Lord Mortimer, and Adam Orleton Bishop of Hereford.

## VII.

## LIFE.



LAS, what am I ! what my life become ?  
A corpse existing when the pulse hath  
fled ;  
An empty shadow, mark for conflicts  
dread,

Whose only hope of refuge is the tomb.

Cease to pursue, O foes, with envious hate,  
My share of this world's glories hath been brief ;  
Soon will your ire on me be satiate,  
For I consume and die of mortal grief.

And ye, my faithful friends, who hold me dear,  
In dire adversity, and bonds, and woe,  
I lack the power to guerdon love sincere ;  
Wish, then, the close of all my ills below,  
That purified on earth, with sins forgiven,  
My ransomed soul may share the joys of heaven.\*

*Mary Queen of Scots.*

\* These lines, translated from the French, were found amongst the private papers of the injured Mary Stuart at Chartley, when her cabinet was plundered by orders of Elizabeth Tudor, shortly before her execution.

## VIII.

## LAMENTATION.\*

**T**O make my lady's obsequies,  
 My love a minster wrought,  
 And in the chantry service there,  
 Was sung by doleful thought.  
 The tapers were of burning sighs,  
 That light and odour gave,  
 And grief illumined by tears,  
 Irradiated her grave ;  
 And round about in quaintest guise,  
 Was carved, 'Within this tomb there lies  
 The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'

Above her lieth spread a tomb,  
 Of gold and sapphires blue ;  
 The gold doth show her blessedness,  
 The sapphires mark her true ;  
 For blessedness and truth in her,  
 Were livelily portray'd,  
 When mighty God with both His hands  
 Her wondrous beauty made ;  
 She was to speak without disguise,  
 The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

No more, no more ; my heart doth faint,  
 When I the life recall,  
 Of her who lived so free from taint,  
 So virtuous deemed by all ;  
 Who in herself was so complete,  
 I think that she was ta'en


\* These touching lines were composed by the bereaved husband on the death of his wife Queen Isabella, the widow of Richard II., whose end was very similar to that of the lamented Princess Charlotte.

By God to deck His paradise,  
And with His saints to reign ;  
For well she doth become the skies,  
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize  
The fairest thing to mortal eyes !

*Charles Duke of Orleans, 1410.*

## IX.

## DEPARTED FRIENDS.

RIEND after friend departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end ;  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—  
Beyond the reign of death —  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's afflictions transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown—  
A long eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till *all* are past away ;  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day :  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

*James Montgomery.*

## X.

## THE DEPARTED MISSIONARY.



THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may die, for THE SINLESS has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;  
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heardest was the Seraphim's  
song !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee !  
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide :  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

*Bishop Heber.*

XI.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

**A**ND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
Our fond, dear boy ;  
The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
Where life is joy ?

Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,  
Ev'n by its bliss we meet our dearth,  
Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,  
As closed thine eye ;  
Tears of our anguish may not tell  
When thou didst die ;  
Words may not paint our grief for thee,  
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed agony,  
Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
To bless us given ;  
Beauty embodied to our sight,  
A type of Heaven :  
So dear to us thou wert, thou art,  
Ev'n less thine own self, than a part,  
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
Casa Wappy !

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,  
'Twas cloudless joy ;  
Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
Beloved boy !  
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,  
That found thee prostrate in decay ;  
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
Earth's undefiled ;  
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
Our dear, sweet child !  
Humbly we bow to fate's decree,  
Yet had we hoped that time should see  
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight ;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light.  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,  
Till oh ! my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy !

Ev'n to the last, thy every word,  
To glad, to grieve,  
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird,  
On summer's eve ;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,  
Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind blank night  
The chamber fills ;  
We pine for thee when morn's first light  
Reddens the hills :  
The sun, the 'moon, the stars, the sea,  
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,  
Are changed ; we saw the world through thee,  
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
Of casual mirth,  
It doth not own, whate'er may seem  
An inward birth.  
We miss thy small step on the stair,  
We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;  
All day we miss thee, everywhere,  
Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
In life's spring-bloom,;  
Down to the appointed house below—  
The silent tomb.  
But now the green leaves on the tree,  
The cuckoo, and 'the busy bee,'  
Return—but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy !

'Tis so ; but can it be—(while flowers  
Revive again )—  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain ?  
Oh ! can it be, that, o'er the grave,  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save ?  
Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so,  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery—thought were woe—  
And truth a lie ;  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—  
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy !



Yes, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
 Fond, fairest boy,  
 That Heaven is God's, and thou art there  
 With Him in joy :  
 There past are death and all its woes ;  
 There beauty's stream for ever flows ;  
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
Casa Wap

Farewell, then, for a while, farewell,  
 Pride of my heart ;  
 It cannot be that long we dwell  
 Thus torn apart :  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,  
 And dark how'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
Casa Wap  
*M.*

## XII.

## THE PASTOR.



GIVE me the Priest these graces sl  
 possess :—  
 Of an Ambassador the first address  
 A Father's tenderness ; a Shepher  
 care ;  
 A Leader's courage, who the cross can bear  
 A Ruler's awe ; a watchman's wakeful eye ;  
 A Pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply ;  
 A Fisher's patience, and a Labourer's toil ;  
 A Guide's dexterity to disembroil ;  
 A Prophet's inspiration from above,  
 A Teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's lo

*Bishop K*

XIII.

THE PASTOR.

**H**OLINESS on the head ;  
Light and perfections on the breast ;  
Harmonious bells below, raising the  
dead,

To lead them unto life and rest !—  
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head ;  
Defects and darkness in my breast ;  
A noise of passions ringing me, for dead,  
Unto a place where is no rest,—  
Poor Priest ! thus am I drest.

Only another Head  
I have ; another heart and breast ;  
Another music, making live, not dead !  
Without Whom I could have no rest :  
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head ;  
My alone, only heart and breast ;  
My only music, striking me e'en dead !  
That to the old man I may rest,  
And be in Him new drest.

So, holy in my head ;  
Perfect and light in my dear breast ;  
My doctrine tuned by Christ, who is not dead,  
But lives in me, while I do rest :—  
Come, people ; Aaron's drest.

*George Herbert.*

## XIV.

## THE PASTOR.



THUS to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt, at every call  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
 At Church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.  
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

*Goldsmith.*

## XV.

## LOVE.



MEET and lowly, pure and holy,  
 Chief amongst the blessed three,  
 Turning sadness into gladness,  
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,  
 Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,  
 Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,  
 Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ever, failing never,  
Though deceived believing still,  
Long abiding, all confiding  
To thy Heavenly Father's will.

Never weary of well doing,  
Never fearful of the end,  
Claiming all mankind as brothers,  
Thou dost all alike befriend.

## XVI.

## LOVE.



ALL I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love, is full of Thee !  
Earth with her ten thousand flowers—  
Air with all its beams and showers—  
Ocean's infinite expanse—  
Heaven's resplendent countenance—  
All around and all above,  
Hath this record—' God is love.'

Sounds among the vales and hills,  
In the woods and by the rills,  
Of the breeze and of the bird,  
By the gentle summer stirred ;—  
All these songs, beneath, above—  
Have one burden —' God is love.'

All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart ;  
All the quiet bliss that lies  
In our human sympathies ;—  
These are voices from above  
Sweetly whispering—' God is love.'  
All I feel and hear and see—  
God of love, is full of Thee.

*Rev. J. R. Taylor.*

## XVII.

## LOVE.



HEY sin who tell us love can die—  
With life all other passions fly.

All others are but vanity.

In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the Earth,  
They perish where they have their birth,

But love is indestructible—  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven return  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of Love is there.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high  
The Babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An overpayment of delight ?

*Southey.*

## XVIII.

## LOVE.



Y Joy, my Life, my Crown !  
My heart was meaning all the day,  
Somewhat it fain would say ;  
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and  
down,  
With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown !

Yet slight not these few words ;  
If truly said, they may take part  
Among the best in art.  
The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,  
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde  
And all the soul, and strength, and time,  
If the words onely rhyme,  
Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde  
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,  
Although the verse be somewhat scant,  
God doth supplie the want.  
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)  
Oh, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth Loved.

*George Herbert.*

## XIX.

## LOVE.



SWEET but solitary beam,  
An emanation from above,  
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream—  
We hail that beam, and call it Love—

But fainter than the pale star's ray  
Before the noontide blaze of day,  
And lighter than the viewless sand  
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,  
Is all of Love that men can know—  
All that in angel-breasts can glow—  
Compared, O Lord of Hosts ! with Thine—  
Eternal—fathomless—divine !  
That love—whose praise with quenchless fire  
Inflames the blest seraphic choir ;  
Where perfect rapture reigns above,  
And Love is all—for Thou art Love !

*Dale.*

## XX.

## LIFE.



MAN, consider thoughtfully,  
How we, the small sands, pass away,  
For thou art passing too !  
Gentle and by degrees,

Thus thou too must decrease ;  
Thy days and years be

We fall indeed quiet  
But daily still, an

We never cea

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late



## XXI.

## LIFE.

**N**OW swiftly glide life's transient scene:  
 Like vernal leaves men flourish and decay  
 Thus sung, in days of yore, the Chorus sang  
 This maxim all have heard, but none pre-  
 one keep in mind this salutary truth  
 ope still survives, that flatters not  
 That fruitless schemes amuse our hours  
 he man in health, nor age, nor youth  
 ay, youth's and life's contracted space  
 scarce thinks that death will ever come  
 ut thou thy mind's fair house  
 or from the paths of virtue turn

## XXII.

## LIFE.

**N**ET not the stealing years  
 Nor creep in slumber  
 Ere every action  
 Strictly thou dost  
 With reverence at thy  
 And answer justly to  
 Where have I been?  
 What good, or ill, has  
 Where have I failed?  
 In what to God, to  
 require severe; when  
 a morning's dawn  
 I were thy dear  
 at thy soul was  
 and the good



## XXIII.

## LIFE.



LIKE to the falling of a star  
 Or as the flight of eagles are,  
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue  
 Or silver drops of morning dew,  
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood :

Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
 The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

*Henry King, 1612.*

## XXIV.

## LIFE.



TELL me not in mournful numbers,  
 ' Life is but an empty dream !'  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
 And the grave is not its goal ;  
 ' Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way :  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

*Longfellow.*

## XXV.

## DEATH.



ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame,  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper; angels say,  
 'Sister Spirit, come away!'  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;  
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring;  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O Grave! where is thy victory?  
 O Death! where is thy sting?

*Pope.*

## XXVI.

## DEATH.



HICH is the happiest death to die?  
 'Oh!' said one, 'if I might choose,  
 Long at the gate of bliss would I lie;  
 And feast my spirit, ere it fly,  
 With bright celestial views.  
 Mine were a lingering death without pain,  
 A death which all might love to see;  
 And mark how bright and sweet would be  
 The victory I should gain.

' Fain would I catch a hymn of love  
From the angels' harps which ring above ;  
And sing it, as my parting breath  
Quivered and expired in death ;  
So that those on earth might hear  
The harp-notes of another sphere,  
And mark, when nature faints and dies,  
What springs of heavenly life arise,  
And gather, from the death they view,  
A ray of hope to light them through,  
When they should be departing too.'

' No,' said another ; ' so not I ;  
Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;  
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,  
Nor bear a single pang at parting,  
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting ;  
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,  
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,  
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,  
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.

' So would I die—  
All bliss without a pang to cloud it,  
All joy without a pain to shroud it ;  
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,  
To meet my Saviour in the air ;  
So would I die.  
Oh ! how bright were the realms of light,  
Bursting at once upon my sight ;  
Even so, I long to go,—  
These parting hours how sad and slow !'

His voice grew weak, and fixed was his eye,  
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy ;  
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,  
Around his mouth a sweet smile played—  
They looked—he was dead !—  
His spirit had fled :

Painless and swift as his own desire,  
 The soul undrest from her mortal vest,  
 And stepped in her car of heavenly fire ;  
     And proved how bright  
     Were the realms of light,  
 Bursting at once upon the sight !

*Edmeston.*

XXVII.

MAN.

**N**OW poor, how rich, how abject, how  
     august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !  
 How passing wonder He who made  
     him such !

Who centred in our make such strange extremes !  
 From different natures, marvellously mixed,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !  
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain !  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed !  
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in my self am lost. At home, a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast  
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !  
 O what a miracle to man is man !  
 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !  
 Alternately transported and alarmed !  
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

*Young.*

## XXVIII.

## WOMAN.



THOU ! by Heaven ordained to be  
The mistress of man's destiny—  
From whose fond lips one gentle sigh,  
One look from whose approving eye,  
Can raise or bend him to thy will,  
To virtue's noblest heights, or worst extremes  
of ill :

Be angel-minded, and despise  
Thy sex's little vanities—  
And let not passion's lawless tide  
Thy better purpose turn aside ;  
For woe awaits the luckless hour  
That leads to man's annoy thy Heaven-entrusted  
power.

Woman ! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart  
From every gross unholy part ;  
Thine in domestic solitude  
To teach him to be wise and good ;  
His pattern guide and friend to be,  
To give him back the Heaven he forfeited for thee.

## XXIX.

## WOMAN.



HE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;

A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food,  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.  
 And now I see with eyes serene  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death :  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd  
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of an angel-light.

*Wordsworth.*

xxx.

## WOMAN.

**H**ONOUR to women ! entwining and braiding  
 Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,  
 In the veil of the graces all modestly kneeling,  
 Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed  
     have they blessed,  
 And tending with hands ever pure have caressed  
 The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Ever truth's bright bounds outrages  
 Man, and his wild spirit strives ;  
 Ever with each thought that changes,  
 As the storm of passion drives ;—  
 With heart appeased, contented never,  
 Grasps he at the future's gleam ;  
 Beyond the stars pursuing ever  
 The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,  
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing  
A link round the present, that binds like a spell—  
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,  
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,  
As nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell !

Man is ever warring, rushing  
Onward through life's stormy way,  
Wild his fervour, fierce and crushing,  
Knows he neither rest nor stay :  
Creating, slaying—day by day  
Urged by passion's fury brood,  
A hydra band, whose heads, for aye,  
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning  
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,  
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along.  
More free in their limited range, richer ever,  
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavour  
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong and proud, and self-commending,  
Man's cold heart doth rarely move,  
To the gentler spirit bending,  
To the god-like power of love ;  
Knows not soul-exchange so tender,  
Tears, by other's tears confessed ;  
Life's dark combats steel and render  
Harder his obdurate breast !

Oh, wakened like harp, and as gently resembling  
Its murmuring chords to the night-breezes trembling,  
Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too.  
Touched lightly, touched deeply, for ever she borrows  
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows  
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew



Man, of power despotic lord,  
 In power doth insolently trust ;  
 Scythia argues with the sword,  
 Persia, crouching, bites the dust.  
 In their fury fights engaging,  
 Combat spoilers wild and dread,  
 Strife, and war, and havoc raging,  
 Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,  
 Woman reigns while the graces around her are smiling,  
 Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride ;  
 Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever  
 To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,  
 All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

*Schiller.*

XXXI.

THE CORAL ISLE.



SAW the living pile ascend,  
 The Mausoleum of its architects ;  
 Still dying upwards as their labours closed.  
 Slime the material, but the slime was turned  
 To adamant by their petrific touch.  
 Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,  
 Their masonry imperishable. All  
 Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,  
 By nice economy of Providence,  
 Were overruled to carry on the process,  
 Which out of water brought forth solid rock.  
 Atom by atom—thus the mountain grew,  
 A coral island, stretching east and west.  
 —Compared with this amazing edifice,  
 Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
 What are the works of intellectual man,  
 His temples, palaces, and sepulchres ?

Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
Were all the monuments of olden time.  
—The Pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
The giant statues wrought from rocks of granite,  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Filled with dry mummies of the builder, WORMS.

*James Montgomery.*

XXXII.

THE MOLEHILL.



TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,  
Thou dust that once hadst breath—  
Tell me how many mortals meet  
In this small hill of death?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,  
From ocean, earth, and sky,  
Collected here, the frail remains  
Of slumbering millions lie.

The mole that scoops, with curious toil,  
Her subterranean bed,  
Thinks not she ploughs so rich a soil,  
And mines among the dead.

But oh ! where'er she turns the ground,  
My kindred earth I see ;  
Once every atom of this mound  
Lived, breathed, and felt like me.

Like me, these elder-born of clay  
Enjoyed the cheerful light ;  
Bore the brief burden of a day  
And went to rest at night.

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath,  
 Ten thousand pulses beat ;  
 Tell me, in this small hill of death,  
 How many mortals meet ?

*James Montgomery.*

XXXIII.

THE RAINDROP.



HAT if each drop of rain should plead,  
 So small a drop as I  
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty glebe ;  
 I'll tarry in the sky ?

What if each little ray at noon  
 Should in its fountain stay,  
 Because its feeble light alone  
 Cannot create a day ?

Doth not each raindrop help to form  
 The cool refreshing shower ;  
 And every ray of light to warm  
 And beautify the flower ?

XXXIV.

THE FALLING LEAF.



SEE ! the leaves around us falling  
 Dry and withered to the ground ;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
 In a sad and solemn sound :

' Sons of Adam (once in Eden  
 Where, like us, ye blighted fell),  
 Hear the lesson we are reading,  
 Mark the awful truths we tell.

‘ Youth, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.

‘ What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace ;  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
Summer gives to autumn place.

‘ Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

‘ On the tree of life eternal,  
Oh let all our hopes be laid !  
This alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.’

*Bishop Horne.*

XXXV.

THE LAST MAN IN  
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

I.



HEY have fallen one by one ;  
The last, but one, to-day—  
God ! am I left, alone,  
To track this weary way ;  
My weary way to the River,  
The haven where I would be ?  
But, alas ! heart-struck I shiver—  
I can never attain the sea !

I am touching his lifeless head,  
 A waif on this desolate shore ;  
 I am kissing the last of the dead—  
     Shall I see man's face no more ?  
         Cold, Cold, Cold,  
 But mine hour is not yet told :

## II.

In mine ear the terrible rush,  
     The thundering rush of the floe ;  
 And the shriek of her ribs in the grinding crush,  
     And the good ship in her throe.  
 In mine heart, their mute despair,  
     And the groans of our wailing knell,  
 As the death-call swooped through the pitiless air  
     And the pale men drooped and fell.  
 Where they fell, they lay ;  
     Not a knee rose more to the light ;  
 The reeling and shrunken clay  
     Sank at once into icy night !  
         Cold, Cold, Cold,  
 And mine hour is yet untold !

## III.

Mine eyelids burn ; congeals  
     My brain within its cell ;  
 And the scalding tear-drop steals  
     From an overflowing well ;  
 For I dream of fond hearts at home,  
     I think of the brave that are gone ;  
 As I gaze at this star-lit dome,  
     And stagger from stone to stone.  
 We were two but yesternight,  
     And, faint, to this welcome sod  
 I've crawled, till he's out of sight—  
     And there's no one near but God !  
         Cold, Cold, Cold,  
 And mine hour is nearly told !

IV.

When they come, for come they will,  
Nor search this coast in vain,  
They will find us sleeping still  
On its lone unfriendly plain ;  
But none shall ever know,  
Till the Great Day comes at last,  
Our griefs in these realms of snow,  
And the horrors of the Past !  
For I sink on this fatal beach ;  
I have played with my latest breath ;  
And my struggles will only reach  
The River of Life, in Death !  
Cold, Cold, icy Cold,  
And mine own last hour is told !

*B. P.*

XXXVI.

THE VOCAL MEMNON.



UR boats were moor'd where Luxor throws  
A sevenfold image o'er the stream ;  
In the pale East the morning rose,  
And guided by her slanting beam  
We sped across that ancient plain,  
Where Thebes once owned a hundred gates,  
With fixed eye and slacken'd rein,  
Like men who know that Memnon waits.


We reach'd the statue with the sun  
And listen'd for the mystic sound,  
In vain ! that voice was heard by none—  
Deep silence brooded o'er the ground.  
Meanwhile a lark with wings outspread  
Soar'd, oh how joyously, along,  
And poised, it seem'd above my head,  
Dissolved herself in sweetest song.

O God—thought I—Thy works abide,  
 While man's inventions haste away !  
 Or if these stem awhile the tide,  
 Their nobler uses—where are they ?  
 Thy works not so ! They mock at time ;  
 The music of the heavenly lute  
 Shall still flow on in strain sublime  
 When stones, and even men, are mute.

*T. W. M.*

XXXVII.

THE CHURCHYARD.

 HE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;  
 The ploughman homewards plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds—  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely ways and destiny obscure—  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple *Annals of the poor*.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Alike await the inevitable hour ;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Still Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise—  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

*Gray.*



## XXXVIII.

## THE CHURCH.



HOUGH private prayer be a brave design,  
 Yet public hath more promises, more love ;  
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign,  
 We are all but cold suitors ; let us move  
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;  
 Pray with the most ; for where most pray, is Heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare ;  
 God is more there than thou ; for thou art there  
 Only by His permission. Then beware,  
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.  
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking ; quit thy state :  
 All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most ;  
 Praying's the end of preaching. Oh, be drest ;  
 Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost  
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest  
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,  
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,  
 And send them to thine heart, that spying sin,  
 They may weep out the stains by them that rise,  
 Those doors being shut, all by the ears comes in.  
 Who marks in Church-time others' symmetry,  
 Marks all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part ;  
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither ;  
 Christ purged His Temple, so must thou thy heart ;  
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together  
 To cozen thee. Look to thy action well,  
 For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.


Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;  
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not ;  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
To pick our treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains ;  
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.  
He that loves God's abode, and to combine  
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

*George Herbert.*

XXXIX.

THE CHRISTIAN.

OW fine has the day been, how bright was the  
sun !

How lovely and joyful the course that he run !  
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he  
begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain.  
But now the fair traveller's come to the West,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;  
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ! His course he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way.  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace ;  
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,  
Of rising in brighter array.

*Isaac Watts.*

## XL.

## CONTENTMENT.

**S**OME murmur when their sky is clear,  
 And wholly bright to view,  
 If one small speck of dark appear,  
 In their great heaven of blue ;  
 And some with thankful love are filled,  
 If but one streak of light,  
 One ray of God's great mercy gild  
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
 In discontent and pride,  
 Why life is such a dreary task,  
 And all good things denied ;  
 And hearts in poorest huts admire  
 How love has, in their aid  
 (Love that not ever seems to tire),  
 Such rich provision made.

*Trench.*

## XLI.

## CONTENTMENT.

**H**E that is down needs fear no fall,  
 He that is low, no pride :  
 He that is humble ever shall  
 Have God to be his guide.  
 I am content with what I have,  
 Little be it, or much ;  
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
 Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,  
 That go on pilgrimage ;  
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
 Is best for age to age.

*John Bunyan.*

## XLII.

## HUMILITY.

**T**HE bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things  
rest.

In lark and nightingale we see  
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose 'the better part,'  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;  
And Lydia's gently-opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet.  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears the brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends ;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most when most his soul ascends ;  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

*James Montgomery.*

## XLIII.

## SOLITUDE.

**T**AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O solitude ! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face ?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech—  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see :  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
O, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or aught that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial, endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends—do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there,  
But alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair,  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

*William Cowper.*

XLIV.

SOLITUDE.



FT at the silent, shadowy close of day,  
When the hushed grove has sung its  
parting lay ;  
When pensive twilight in her dusky car,  
Slowly ascends, to meet the evening star ;  
Above, below, ærial murmurings swell,  
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell ;  
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,  
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.  
So oft the finer movements of the soul,  
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,  
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,  
And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies !

*S. Rogers.*

## XLV.

## RESIGNATION.



THESE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust  
By strong and endless ties ;  
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end ;  
It takes the most effectual way,  
And robs us of a friend.

Resign—and all the load of life  
That moment you remove ;  
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,  
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down,  
On His almighty hand ;  
Softens our duty to relief,  
Our blessings to command.

*Young.*

## XLVI.

## FAITH AND NATURE.



WE wept—'twas Nature wept—but Faith  
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,  
And in yon world so fair and bright,  
Behold thee in refulgent light.


We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather  
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.  
Nature sees the body dead—  
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;

Nature stops at Jordan's tide—  
Faith beholds the other side ;  
That but hears farewell and sighs—  
This, thy welcome in the skies ;  
Nature mourns a cruel blow—  
Faith assures it is not so ;  
Nature never sees thee more—  
Faith but sees thee gone before ;  
Nature tells a dismal story—  
Faith has visions full of glory ;  
Nature views the change with sadness—  
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;  
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness ;  
' Strength is perfected in meekness.'  
Nature writhes and hates the rod—  
Faith looks up and blesses God ;  
Sense looks downwards—Faith above ;  
That sees hardness—this sees love ;  
Oh ! let Faith victorious be—  
Let it reign triumphantly !  
But thou art gone ! not lost, but flown,  
Shall I then ask thee back, my own ?  
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness ?  
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?  
Back—and leave thine angel mould ?  
Back—and leave those streets of gold ?  
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?  
Back—from founts to which He leads thee ?  
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father ?  
Back—to earth and sin ? Nay rather  
Would I live in solitude !  
I would not ask thee, if I could ;  
But patient wait the high decree,  
That calls my spirit home to thee !



## XLVII.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB.

OW the bright spring comes forth to clothe the trees,  
And her soft-sighing whispers in the breeze ;  
The liquid warblings, from a thousand throats,  
Pour on the perfumed air their richest notes ;  
The gush of many streams comes o'er the soul,  
The harmonies of nature past me roll,—  
But the deaf hear them not !

It is a Sabbath morn ; and many feet  
Hasten, thro' sunny paths, their God to meet  
In His own temple—and on bended knee  
Tell Him their wants, and for His pardon pray ;  
To hear of all His love—to hear and feel,  
And send their hearts up with the anthem's swell,—  
But the dumb cannot sing !

Amid a busy world they are alone,  
And to no kindred heart can make their moan ;  
The spirit has no vent.—Oh, who can tell  
The passionate longing, or the struggling swell,  
Of the imprisoned Eagle caged within,  
To burst its barriers, and its freedom win !—  
But the dumb cannot speak.

But there was One, who in His inmost soul,  
Sighed for the mute, and with His touch made whole.  
Teach them to know Him ! Soon His healing balm  
Sheds o'er the struggling soul a holy calm—  
No longer desolate, for He is nigh.  
Oh ! pitying heart, that like thy Lord can sigh,  
Pray for the deaf and dumb !

A day will come, when on the closed ear  
The melodies of Heaven will burst so clear,  
That the mute mourner's bounding heart shall note,  
And vibrate to the chords that round him float—  
The *theme* will give the *power*—before unknown,  
And the full heart roll out the tide of song,  
Poured by the deaf and dumb.

C. J.

XLVIII.

THE SABBATH.



WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
Which slowly wakes while all the fields  
are still :

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,

A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And echo answers softer from the mill,

And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,

The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.

Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !

The rooks float silent by, in airy drove ;

The sun, a placid yellow lustre shows ;

The gales, that lately sigh'd along the grove,

Have hush'd their downy wings in dead repose ;

The fleecy train of clouds forget to move :—

So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

*Dr. Leyden.*

XLIX.

THE SABBATH.



SABBATH hours ! they come and go

Like the summer streamlet's flow,

Bringing to the waste relief,

Beautiful, but oh ! too brief ;

Sparkling in the golden ray,

Iris-coloured—then away !

Yet fertility is seen

Fresher, where the stream hath been.

Sabbath hours ! ye come between,  
 Like an islet's emerald green,  
 Rising o'er life's stormy sea,  
 Where its wearied ones may flee ;  
 Catching, from its tide-washed strand,  
 Visions of their father-land,  
 Till they deem the soft winds come,  
 Breathing melodies from home.

May the Sabbath ever be  
 Harbinger of good to me !  
 Calling up my soul from earth—  
 Fixing it on things of worth.  
 Swiftly do its sunbeams fly  
 O'er this changing wintry sky:  
 And, in Heaven's sabbatic bowers,  
 I shall praise thee for these hours.

## L.

## THE SABBATH.



HERE'S music in the morning air,  
 A holy voice and sweet,  
 For calling to the House of Prayer  
 The humblest peasant's feet.  
 From hill and vale, and distant moor,  
 Long as the chime is heard,  
 Each cottage sends its tenants poor,  
 For God's enriching Word.

Still where the British power hath trod,  
 The cross of faith ascends ;  
 And like a radiant arch of God,  
 The light of Scripture bends !

Deep in the forest wilderness,  
The wood-built Church is known;  
A sheltering wing in man's distress,  
Spread like the Saviour's own !

The warrior from his armed tent,  
The seaman from the tide—  
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent,  
In Christian nations wide,—  
Thousands and tens of thousands bring  
Their sorrows to His shrine,  
And taste the never-failing spring  
Of Jesu's love divine !

If at an early chime the tread  
Of million, million feet,  
Approach where'er the Gospel 's read,  
In God's own temple seat;  
How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep,  
To see God's saints arise,  
And countless hosts of angels keep  
The Sabbath of the Skies !

## LI.

## HOLY SORROW.



H ! Thou, that driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee !

The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even hope, that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too,

Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy Word of love  
Come brightly bearing through the gloom  
A peace-branch from above ?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We could not see by day.

*Thomas Moore.*

LII.

HOLY SORROW.



WHEN sore afflictions crush the soul,  
And riven is every earthly tie,  
The heart must cling to God alone,  
He wipes the tear from every eye.

Through wakeful nights, when racked with pain,  
On bed of languishing you lie,  
Remember still your God is near,  
To wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

A few short years and all is o'er,  
Your sorrow—pain—will soon pass by ;  
Then lean in faith on God's dear Son,  
He'll wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

Oh ! never be your soul cast down,  
Nor let your heart desponding sigh ;  
Assured that God, whose name is love,  
Will wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

*Mrs. Mackinlay.*

LIII.

HOLY SORROW.



WHEN the spark of life is waning,  
Weep not for me—  
When the languid eye is straining,  
Weep not for me.  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;  
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me—  
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,—  
Weep not for me.  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour  
From His love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength—for ever !  
Weep not for me.

*Thomas Dale.*

I.IV.

HOLY SORROW.



WHEN these dark hours of earthly love  
And early pangs are o'er,  
These lips shall bless, these hands shall  
move,  
These eyes shall look no more.

Oh ! let no tear thine eyelid dim,  
O'er this pale form of clay ;  
But think I rest at peace with Him,  
Who wipes all tears away.

These lips transformed resound the words,  
 'Hosanna to the Lamb!'—  
 These hands transfigured sweep the chords  
 That praise the great 'I am.'

These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,  
 For ah! to them 'tis given  
 One endless watch of bliss to keep,  
 For they have waked in Heaven!

*Robert McGhee.*

LV.

HOLY SORROW.



H! deem not they are blessed alone,  
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
 The Power who pities man has shown  
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
 The lid that overflows with tears;  
 And weary hours of woe and pain  
 Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
 For every dark and troubled night;  
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,  
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
 Hope that a happier, brighter shore,  
 Will give him to thine arms again.


Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
 Though life its common gifts deny,  
 Though pierced and broken be his heart,  
 And spurn'd of men he goes to die.

For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,  
And number'd every secret tear,  
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all its children suffer here.

*Bryant.*

LVI.

HOLY SORROW.

S it not sweet to think hereafter,  
When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
Love with deathless wing shall waft  
her

To those she long hath mourned for here?  
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,  
Eyes this world can ne'er restore ;  
There as warm, as bright as ever,  
Shall meet us, and be lost no more ?

When wearily we wander, asking  
Of Earth and Heaven, where are they  
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,  
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay ?  
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,  
Pointing to the eternal home,  
Upon whose portals yet they linger,  
Looking back for us to come !

Alas ! alas ! doth hope deceive us ?  
Shall friendship, love, and all those ties  
Which bind a moment, and then leave us,  
Be found again where nothing dies ?  
Oh ! if no other boon were given,  
To wean our hearts from wrong and stain,  
Who would not seek to reach a Heaven,  
Where all we love shall live again ?

*Thomas Moore.*



## LVII.

## HOLY SORROW.



FLOWER beheld a star above  
And longed to reach its airy love,—  
But longed in vain, a dew-drop fell  
Into its soft and fragrant cell—

And then the star was imaged there,  
And gliding down from Heaven had come  
To find, on earth, a kindred home.

A spirit gazed on Heaven above,  
And longed to centre there its love,—  
But longed in vain: this sunny world  
Still kept its skyward pinions furled.

Earth's loves, and joys, and tender ties,  
Would never let that spirit rise,  
Until the dew of sorrow fell  
Into its deep and secret cell ;  
And then the star of heavenly love  
Looked from its throne of light above,  
And backward that baptizing wave  
Its lustrous beams unruffled gave.

## LVIII.

## HOLY SORROW.



FT as memory's glance is ranging  
Over scenes that cannot die,  
Then I feel that all is changing,  
Then I weep the Days gone by.

Yes, though Time has laid his finger  
On them, still, with streaming eye,  
There are spots where I can linger,  
Sacred to the Days gone by.

Though we charge to-day with fleetness,  
Though we dread to-morrow's sky,  
There's a melancholy sweetness  
In the name of Days gone by.

Cease, fond heart, to thee are given  
Hopes of better things on high ;  
There is still a coming Heaven,  
Better than the Days gone by.

## LIX.

## PRAYER.



HILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thy earnest eye,  
Ever following silently !

Father, by the breeze of eve,  
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;  
Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial plain !  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie ;  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## LX.

## PRAYER.



HERE is an eye that never sleeps,  
 Beneath the wing of night ;  
 There is an ear that never shuts,  
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,  
 When human strength gives way ;  
 There is a love that never fails,  
 When earthly loves decay.

The eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
 That ear is filled with angels' songs ;  
 That arm upholds the world on high ;  
 That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can yield  
 When mortal aid is vain ;—  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
 That listening ear to gain.  
 That power is prayer which soars on high,  
 And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## LXI.

## PRAYER.




H ! methinks it has oft been thus,  
 When those who love and who think  
 of us,  
 Have knelt before the throne of prayer  
 And poured their souls out for us  
 there—

That instant as they pray we feel  
 A sabbath o'er our bosoms steal,

A sweet and more than earthly ray  
Burst through the cloud across our way ;  
And brightness we know not whence or where  
Has beamed from the light of another's prayer.

## LXII.

## PRAISE.

 HE first-born rose of vernal prime,  
That opes its bosom rare,  
In gentle sighs of fragrant breath  
Doth make its morning prayer.

The Summer bird, on raptured wing,  
That cleaves the vaulted sky,  
Doth to the great Creator pour  
Its gushing minstrelsy.

Rich Autumn, with her fruitful hoard,  
Her harvests ripening fair ;  
The golden sheaf, and loaded wain,  
Doth praise the Giver's care.

Each Winter, in its Sabbath rest,  
Adores the King of Might ;  
And every snow-flake speaks of Him,  
Who robes the earth in white.

Thou art His servant, O my soul,  
By birth, by choice, by vow ;  
By bounties of each rolling year—  
Prove thine allegiance now.

Yea, prove it as each passing day  
Unfolds its pinions fleet,  
By deeds of love, by thoughts of prayer,  
By strains of worship sweet.

Make this brief life a song of praise,  
Where'er thy lot may be ;  
And learn the language here below  
Of Heaven's eternity.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

LXIII.

EARLY RISING.



OFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,  
My powers are all renewed ;  
May my freed spirit too awake  
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, sloth, no more  
My mind imprisoned keep ;  
Nor let me waste another hour  
With thee, thou felon sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men  
One lavished hour retrieve,  
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,  
What treasures would they give !

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,  
Were offered then in vain ;  
Their pearl of countless price is sold,  
And where's the promised gain ?

Lord, when Thy day of dread account  
For squandered hours shall come,  
Oh ! let not this increase th' amount,  
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,  
I dying shall esteem ;  
And every pleasure to despise,  
I then shall worthless deem.

For all Thy wondrous mercies past,  
My grateful voice I'll raise,  
While thus I quit my bed of rest,  
Creation's Lord to praise.

*Hannah More.*

## LXIV.

## HOLY SCRIPTURE.



ON cottager, who weaves at her own  
door,  
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,—  
Content though mean, and cheerful if  
not gay,  
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,—  
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night,  
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;  
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,  
Has little understanding and no wit—  
Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such  
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much ;  
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—  
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;  
And in that Charter reads with sparkling eyes,  
Her title to a treasure in the skies.  
O happy peasant ! O unhappy bard !  
His the mere tinsel ; hers the rich reward ;  
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come—  
She never heard of half a mile from home—  
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,  
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

*William Cowper.*

## LXV.

## HOLY SCRIPTURE.



HE Spirit breathes upon the Word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

*William Cowper.*

## LXVI.

## HOLY SCRIPTURE.



ERE is the spring whence waters flow,  
To quench our heat of sin ;  
Here is the tree, where truth doth grow,  
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
When men's devices fail ;  
Here is the bread, that feeds the life,  
Which death cannot assail.

The tidings of salvation dear,  
Come to our ears from hence ;  
The fortress of our faith is here,  
And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the hog, that hath  
A pearl at his desire ;  
Yet takes more pleasure in the trough,  
And wallowing in the mire.

Read not this book in any case,  
But with a single eye ;  
Read not, but first desire God's grace  
To understand thereby.

Stay still in faith, with this respect,  
To fructify therein ;  
That knowledge may bring this effect,  
To mortify thy sin.

Then happy thou, in all thy life,  
What so to thee befalls ;  
Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be,  
When God, by death, thee calls.\*

## LXVII.

## THE REDEEMER.



AND who is He ? the vast, the awful form,  
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with  
the storm ?

A western cloud around His limbs is  
spread,  
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.  
To highest Heaven He lifts His kingly hand,  
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;

\* These lines are to be found in the ' Bishops' Bible ' of 1568.



And hark ! His voice amid the thunders roar,  
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !  
 Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare ;  
 Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;  
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,  
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey !  
 Nor sun, nor moon, they need,—nor day, nor  
 night,—

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light ;  
 And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,  
 Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?  
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,  
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.  
 Hark ! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas  
 raise,

And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;  
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,  
 Ten thousand, thousand saints the strain prolong :  
 ' Worthy the Lamb ! Omnipotent to save,  
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave.'

*Bishop Heber.*

LXVIII.

A DREAM.



SLEPT ; and in my sleep I dreamed  
 A hill before me lay,  
 Which, like a mighty barrier, seemed  
 To interrupt my way.

Its lofty summit touched the skies,  
 Its base the shades below ;  
 And as I gazed, it seemed to rise,  
 And still more threatening grow.

An icy stillness o'er me stole,  
 And thrilled through every sense ;  
 While doubt and horror filled my soul  
 With agony intense.

In sore distress, I cried aloud  
To God in fervent prayer ;  
And suddenly I saw a cloud  
Glide slowly through the air.

And out of it there came a drop,  
Like blood of crimson hue,  
Which fell upon the mountain top,  
As soft as Hermon's dew.

And lo ! the mountain passed away,  
And vanished from my sight ;  
Like wreaths of mist at break of day,  
Before the morning light.

Beyond it lay a fruitful land,  
With rivers deep and wide,  
Which rolled upon the golden sand  
Their clear and crystal tide.

Beside them goodly trees, endued  
With healing virtues, grew ;  
And flowers with ravished eyes I viewed,  
Of every scent and hue.

And there his sheep a shepherd fed,  
In pastures green and fair,  
And unto living fountains led,  
With ever-watchful care.

Good Shepherd, well I know Thee now  
With ardent voice I cried ;  
Thou art my Lord and Saviour, Thou,  
The Lamb, the Crucified.

The mountain was the load of guilt  
Which on my conscience lay ;  
The drop, the blood of Jesus spilt,  
To wash my sins away.

My guilty soul, O Lord, renew  
 In that all-cleansing stream ;  
 That thus the vision may be true,  
 And not a fleeting dream.

## LXIX.

## A DREAM.



HE bright things and the beautiful, that  
 I have seen to-day,  
 As gazing up into the sky in mute  
 delight I lay !  
 The wonderful, the glorious things ! O had I but  
 the power  
 To tell a hundredth part of all I saw in one bright  
 hour !

Long time 'twas but a dazzling gleam of vague  
 magnificence,  
 Whose ever-shifting glories mocked my weak, be-  
 wilder'd sense ;  
 But then the vision grew more bright before my  
 stedfast eye,  
 And I saw a long procession pass in solemn splen-  
 dour by.

They were the spirits of the Just, but now from  
 earth set free,  
 And methought that still they wore the shroud  
 from dim mortality,  
 Not yet all glorified they seem'd, but they floated  
 towards the light,  
 And every moment, as they soar'd, waxed brighter  
 and more bright.

Silent and slow they moved along with calm and  
 even pace,  
 Soft unseen airs were wafting them to their blest  
 resting-place.

But one among the train I marked, who linger'd  
on her track,  
And I marvell'd much what tie had power to keep  
that spirit back.

And then I saw a babe whose head lay nestling  
on her breast,  
His dimpled arm about her neck caressingly was  
prest,  
His rosy lip was seeking hers, his clear blue eye  
the while  
Seem'd waiting but a look from hers, to flash into  
a smile.

One gust of passionate tenderness, one pang of  
natural grief,  
Cross'd o'er that mother's lovely face, but ah! their  
sway was brief ;  
Soon radiant grew her up-raised brow, her meek  
eye fill'd with prayer,  
' O Father, train my child for heav'n, and I shall  
meet him there.'

And still they rose a countless throng, in solemn  
slow array,  
And still my heart went with them all upon their  
heav'nward way ;  
But then I mark'd another there, bound by some  
modern ties,  
Who hover'd long upon the brink, as though she  
could not rise.

There was one, who held her down to earth, and  
on her garment knelt,  
In whose sad eyes an untold depth of speechless  
sorrow dwelt ;

And canst thou, wilt thou leave me thus, mine  
own beloved one ?  
And must I seek my widow'd home thus desolate  
and lone ?'

She veiled her mantle round her head, she did not,  
could not speak,  
For ah ! how strong is human love, the human  
heart how weak !  
But with clasp'd hands how fervently for strength  
she seemed to pray,  
And fainter grew that passionate grasp, as she  
soared from earth away.

They floated on, they floated on, that bright and  
shadowy train,  
Their skirts of fleecy splendour swept the blue  
ethereal plain,  
And now and then a band advanced from some  
far region blest,  
Around whom breathed soft airs of peace, an at-  
mosphere of rest.

Methought as messengers they came, to guide with  
wings of love,  
These younger sisters from the earth to their blest  
home above ;  
Holy and pure as Angels are, were their resplen-  
dent eyes,  
And full of Heaven's own light they smiled a  
welcome to the skies.

I saw them meet, I saw them kneel, wrapt in a  
long embrace,  
And as they knelt a glory fell on each uplifted face ;  
Awhile in pure excess of joy they paused with  
folded wings,  
The silence of their rapture told unutterable things.

And onward, onward still they moved towards  
the glorious sun,  
They drank his rays until they grew like light to  
look upon ;  
And methought that could I follow them with  
pure unshrinking eye,  
I soon should see Heaven's golden gates receive  
them all on high.

But when in vain I sought to pierce those dazzling  
depths of light,  
A dimness and a darkness came across my ach-  
ing sight,  
And all those bright and beauteous things passed  
from me like a dream,  
I was again on earth, and oh ! how dark this  
earth did seem !

*Mrs. H. V. Elliot.*

LXX.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.



OW pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O Sea of Galilee !  
For the glorious One who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where the pine and heather grow ;  
But thou hast loveliness far above  
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide ;  
But He that was pierced to save from hell  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,  
And palms, in thy soft air ;  
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose  
Once spread her fragrance there.

Graceful around the mountains meet,  
Thou calm reposing sea ;  
But ah ! far more ! the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past !—Bethsaida, where ?  
Chorazin, where art thou ?  
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here ?  
Lifted to Heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace will flee ;  
How all an offered Christ who spurn  
Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new-risen Saviour said  
Three times to Simon, ' Lovest thou me ?  
My lambs and sheep then feed ? '

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threefold Thy love divine ;  
That I may feed, till I find my grave,  
Thy flock, both Thine and mine.

*McCheyne.\**

\* Written by the Sea of Galilee, July 16th, 1839.

## LXXI.

## ST. JOHN.

**H**E hath gone to the place of his rest,  
He is safe in the home of his God ;  
And we who have loved him, forsaken,  
oppressed,

Submissive would bow to the rod.  
Though his accents can cheer us no more,  
His love yet may speak from the grave ;  
And thus on the broad wing of Faith may we soar  
To One who is mighty to save.

Our friend and our father we heard,  
On earth, paint the glories of Heaven ;—  
But now the lone Church, like a wandering bird,  
To the home of the desert is driven.  
Entranced, on his visions we hung ;  
Our hearts and our hopes were above ;  
For the words of Persuasion fell soft from his  
tongue,  
And the soul of his teaching was Love.

In vain the stern Tyrant assailed  
With threats of the dungeon or grave—  
He spoke but the word, and the timid ne'er quailed  
In pangs that had mastered the brave.  
The babe hath endured, while its frame  
With the scourge and the torture was torn—  
The maiden, the mother, in chariots of flame,  
To glory triumphant were borne.

For what were thy terrors, O Death ?  
And where was thy triumph, O Grave ?  
When the vest of pure white, and the conquering  
wreath,  
Were the prize of the scorned and the slave ?



Oh ! then to our father was given  
 To read the bright visions on high ;  
 He gave to our view the full glories of Heaven ;—  
 We heard and we hastened to die !

Some died—they are with thee above—  
 Some live—they lament for thee now—  
 But who would recall thee, blest Saint, from the  
     love  
 That circles with glory thy brow ?  
 Long, long didst thou linger below,  
 But the term of thine exile is o'er,  
 And praises shall mix with the tears that must flow  
 From the eyes that behold thee no more.

Praise—praise—that thy trials are past !  
 Joy—joy—that thy triumph is won !  
 The thrones are completed—for thine is the last  
     Of the twelve that encircle the Son !  
 O Lord ! shall the time not be yet  
 When Thy Church shall be blessed and free ?  
 Thou who canst not forsake, and who wilt not  
     forget,  
 Come quickly—or take us to Thee !

*Thomas Dale.*

LXXII.

MARTYRDOM.



VENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughtered  
 saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains  
 cold :

Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
 Forget not : in Thy book record their groans,  
     Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
     Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant : that from these may grow  
A hundred-fold, who, having learned Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.\*

*John Milton.*

## LXXIII.

## TIME.



MOMENT is a mighty thing,  
Beyond the soul's imagining ;  
For in it, though we trace it not,  
How much there crowds of varied lot ;  
How much of life, life cannot see,  
Darts onward to eternity !  
While vacant hours of beauty roll  
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,  
Ah ! little do the happy guess  
The sum of human wretchedness ;  
Or dream, amid the soft farewell  
That time of them is taking,  
How frequent moans the funeral knell,  
What noble hearts are breaking,  
While myriads to their tombs descend  
Without a mourner, creed, or friend.

*Robert Montgomery.*

\* Written in commemoration of the horrible massacre of the Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont, A.D. 1655 ; for which, together with a hundred similar deeds, the Church of Rome, 'drunken with the blood of the saints,' will one day have to give a fearful account.

## LXXIV.

## LIGHT.



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom,

Lead thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from  
home :

Lead thou me on :

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Should lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead thou me on :

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years !

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

*John Henry Newman.*

## LXXV.

## MIDNIGHT CHIMES.



KELL of departed years,

Thy voice is sweet to me ;

It wakes no sad foreboding fears,

Calls forth no sympathetic tears,

Time's restless course to see.

From hallowed ground

I hear the sound,

Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of Hope,  
The music of the spheres,  
A song of blessings yet to come ;  
A herald from my future home,  
My soul delighted hears.  
By sin deceived,  
By nature grieved,  
Still am I nearer heaven than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of Love,  
To chide each doubt away ;  
And as the murmur faintly dies,  
Visions of past enjoyment rise  
In long and bright array.  
I hail the sign,  
That Love Divine  
Will o'er my future path in cloudless glory shine.

Thou art the voice of Life,  
A sound which seems to say,  
O prisoner in this gloomy vale,  
Thy flesh may faint, thy heart may fail,  
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,  
Which shall not pass away.  
Here grief and pain  
Thy steps detain ;  
There, in the image of thy Lord, shalt thou with  
Jesus reign.

## LXXVI.

## THE MILLENNIUM.



HE night is wearing fast away,  
A streak of light is dawning,  
Sweet harbinger of that bright day,  
The fair Millennial morning !

Gloomy and dark the night has been,  
And long the way and dreary,  
And sad the weeping saints are seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.

Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,  
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long Sabbath morrow.

Lift up your heads, behold from far  
The flood of splendour streaming ;  
It is the bright and morning star,  
In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around,  
Of angel-bands attending ;  
Hark, hark, the trumpet's swelling sound,  
'Mid shouts triumphant blending !

O weeping spouse, arise, rejoice,  
Put off thy weeds of mourning ;  
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,  
In triumph now returning !

He comes, the Bridegroom promised long ;  
Go forth with joy to meet Him,  
And raise the new and nuptial song  
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

Adorn thyself ! the feast prepare,  
While bridal strains are swelling,—  
He comes with thee all joys to share,  
And make the earth His dwelling.

LXXVII.

THE MILLENNIUM.



WHAT a bright and blessed world  
This groaning earth of ours will be,  
When from its throne the tempter  
hurled,  
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee !

But brighter far that world above,  
When we, as we are known, shall know ;  
And in the sweet embrace of love,  
Reign o'er this ransomed earth below.

O blessed Lord, with weeping eyes,  
That blissful hour we wait to see ;  
While every worm or leaf that dies,  
Tells of the curse and calls for Thee.

Come, Saviour, then o'er all below,  
Shine brightly from Thy throne above ;  
Bid Heaven and Earth Thy glory know,  
And all creation feel Thy love.

*Sir E. Denny.*

LXXVIII.

MILLENNIUM.




HE groans of Nature in this nether world,  
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end  
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,  
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp ;  
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.  
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh  
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world ; and what remains  
Of this tempestuous state of human things,

Is merely as the working of a sea  
 Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :  
 For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds  
 The dust that waits upon His sultry march,  
 When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,  
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend  
 Propitious in His chariot paved with love ;  
 And what His storms have blasted and defaced  
 For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

*William Cowper.*

LXXIX.

HEAVEN.

 IS the soft hour of Eve,—the summer's sun  
 Hath sunk in smiling loveliness to rest ;  
 His latest beams, fast fading one by one,  
 Wake up a crimson glory in the West ;  
 As if through openings in its portals riven,  
 A gleam of bursting bliss had won its way from Heaven.

At such an hour as this, the pensive soul,  
 Entranced in thought, unfolds for flight sublime  
 Her immaterial wings, and, spurning all  
 The narrow boundaries of space and time,  
 Feels that immortal strength which God has given,  
 And knows her true relationship with Heaven.

Oh ! yes—despite these bonds that drag him down,  
 Man is a noble creature ; not from earth  
 Its high extraction doth his spirit own,  
 Designed from Heaven, which hath from Heaven its  
 birth ;  
 Through all the shadowing folds of earth we see  
 The stamp of life divine and immortality.

Behold all nature's works—above—abroad—  
 Yon orb, the spreading skies, and each fair star,  
 In that bright zone wherewith the hand of God  
 Hath girdled round the universe afar—  
 Bright characters they are inscribed on high,  
 To teach sin-blinded man that he shall never die !

For why was all this tracery of love  
 Hung round the earth ? those ever-during fires,  
 That fed with light from Paradise above  
 Woo the rapt spirit to sublime desires ?—  
 What mean they all, if this brief earthly span  
 Be all that spirit's life, and death the end of man ?

There is—there is a world beyond the sky !  
 Thy sacred word, O God ! reveals to man,  
 Through all the mazes of mortality,  
 The path to Heaven, and shows a wondrous plan,  
 Whereby the soul, of Faith and Hope possest,  
 May reach in peace at length its home of quiet rest.

*J. E. P.*

LXXX.

HEAVEN.



SHINE in the light of God,  
 His likeness stamps my brow ;  
 Through the shadow of death my feet  
 have trod,  
 And I rest in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,  
 No keen and thrilling pain ;  
 No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
 Hath rolled and left its stain.



I have found the joys of Heaven ;  
I am one of the sainted band ;  
To my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learnt the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus hath set free ;  
And the glorious walls of Heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—  
Safe in my happy home ;  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph come.

O friends of mortal years !  
The trusted and the true ;  
Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no—  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the saints below,  
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down, like a river of light,  
To the world from whence they came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in Heaven ?

## LXXXI.

## HEAVEN.



ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer bearing the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down—through the night—  
Is the deep and unknown stream,  
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith,  
Let me feel Thee near where I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death,—

Feel Thee near where my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

LXXXII.

## HEAVEN.



HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
A mansion which Eternal Love  
Designed and formed for me.

My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode ;  
From everlasting it was planned,  
My dwelling-place with God.

My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure ;  
He passed through death's dark raging flood,  
To make my rest secure.

The Comforter is come ;  
The Earnest has been given ;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in Heaven.

Bright angels guard my way,  
His Ministers of power ;  
Encamping round me night and day,  
Preserve in danger's hour.

Lov'd ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.

But more than all I long  
His glories to behold,  
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng  
With ecstasy untold.

That bright, yet tender smile,  
(My sweetest welcome there,)  
Shall cheer me through the 'little while'  
I tarry for Him here.

Thy love, Thou precious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be ;  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains, I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

## LXXXIII.

## DIES IRÆ.



ON that great, that awful day,  
This vain world shall pass away.  
Thus the sibyl sang of old,  
Thus hath holy David told.

There shall be a deadly fear  
When the Avenger shall appear,  
And unveiled before His eye  
All the works of man shall lie.  
Hark ! to the great trumpet's tones  
Pealing o'er the place of bones :  
Hark ! it waketh from their bed  
All the nations of the dead,—  
In a countless throng to meet,  
At the eternal judgment-seat.  
Nature sickens with dismay,  
Death may not retain his prey ;  
And before the Maker stand  
All the creatures of His hand.

The great book shall be unfurled,  
Whereby God shall judge the world.  
What was distant shall be near,  
What was hidden shall be clear.  
To what shelter shall I fly?  
To what guardian shall I cry?  
Oft, in that destroying hour,  
Source of goodness, source of power,  
Show Thou, of Thine own free grace,  
Help unto a helpless race.  
Though I plead not at Thy throne  
Aught that I for Thee have done,  
Do not Thou unmindful be  
Of what Thou hast borne for me :  
Of the wandering, of the scorn,  
Of the scourge, and of the thorn.  
Jesus, hast Thou borne the pain,  
And hath all been borne in vain ?  
Shall Thy vengeance smite the head  
For whose ransom Thou hast bled ?  
Thou, whose dying blessing gave  
Glory to a guilty slave :  
Thou, who from the crew unclean  
Didst release the Magdalene :  
Shall not mercy vast and free  
Evermore be found in Thee ?  
Father, turn on me Thine eyes,  
See my blushes, hear my cries ;  
Faint though be the cries I make,  
Save me for thy mercies' sake,  
From the worm, and from the fire,  
From the torments of Thine ire.  
Fold me with the sheep that stand  
Pure and safe at Thy right hand.  
Hear Thy guilty child implore Thee,  
Rolling in the dust before Thee.  
Oh, the horrors of that day !  
When this frame of sinful clay,

Starting from its burial-place,  
Must behold Thee face to face.  
Hear, and pity, hear, and aid,  
Spare the creatures Thou hast made.  
Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,  
Oh, who shall look on Thee and live?

*Lord Macaulay.*

## LXXXIV.

## THE LAST DAY.



HIS world I deem  
But a beautiful dream  
Of shadows that are not what they  
seem ;  
Where visions rise,  
Giving dim surmise  
Of the things which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord,  
Creating Word,  
Whose glory the silent skies record,—  
Where stands Thy name  
In scrolls of flame,  
On the Firmament's high shadowing frame,—

I gaze o'erhead  
Where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of Heaven their crystal bed ;  
And stored the dew  
In its deep of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come temper'd  
through.

Soft they shine  
Through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine

•



## **Fragments.**





I.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.



WHO hath this book, and reads it not,  
Doth God Himself despise ;  
Who reads, but understandeth not,  
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but favours not,  
He finds no rest in trouble ;  
Who savours, but obeys it not,  
He hath his judgment double.

But he who reads, doth understand,  
Doth savour *and obey* ;  
His soul shall stand at God's right hand  
In the great judgment day.

II.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.



WITHIN this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries ;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way ;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

*Walter Scott.*

## III.

## THE TEMPLE ON EARTH.



THEN tower'd the palace, then, in awful  
 state,  
 The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate :  
 No workman's steel, no ponderous axes  
 rung !  
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
 Majestic silence !

*Bishop Heber.*

## IV.

## THE SEA-SHORE.




IN every object here I see  
 Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee.  
 Firm as a rock Thy promise stands ;  
 Thy mercies countless as the sands ;  
 Thy love a sea immensely wide ;  
 Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see  
 Something, my heart, that points to thee.  
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand ;  
 Unfruitful as the barren sand ;  
 Dark and deceitful as the Ocean ;  
 And, like the tides, in constant motion.

*John Newton.*

V.

THE OCEAN.


PON the Ocean God is near ; the wing of the  
Most High,  
In calm and storm a gracious form—broods  
over sea and sky.  
As love is breathed in ev'ry wind, His voice in ev'ry  
wave,  
His life—His light in the stormy night of Ocean's billowy  
grave.

His bow of promise we behold, as beautifully arrayed,  
When, amid a world destroy'd, 'twas first to man displayed.  
His gentlest creatures, dove-like birds, rest on our wandering bark ;  
They seek our vessel, as the Dove the life-preserving Ark.  
His banner of His love, the Sun—shines on us day by day ;  
His presence nightly in the Moon—illumes our watery way.  
We cannot go where God is not—in goodness ever nigh ;  
Thus, when we sleep upon the deep, we move before His eye.

*Richard Howitt.*

VI.

LOVE.

HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man  
knows !  
I see from far thy beauteous light ;  
Inly I sigh for thy repose :  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

*Gerhard Tersteegen.*

## VII.

## LOVE.



LOVE is a stream which evermore doth  
 flow  
 From God's own heart to pious souls  
 below ;  
 But rests not there, for who this *love* hath found,  
 Delayeth not to spread it all around :  
 Thus is it ever rich, and poor withal,  
 At once a beggar and a prodigal.

## VIII.

## LOVE.



LAS! that man should madly prize  
 The fleeting treasures earth can give ;  
 And yet reject, nay, more—despise,  
 The Word that life alone can give.

And we, how grateful should we be  
*To Him*, who lifts our thoughts above ;  
 And still in each fresh sorrow see  
 New proof of an Almighty's *love* !

## IX.

## LOVE.



HE freeborn Christian has no chains to  
 prove,  
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of *love* ;  
 No fear attends to quench his glowing  
 fires,  
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.  
 Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,  
 Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.

His Master's interest and his own combined,  
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind ;  
 Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,  
 His freedom is the freedom of a Prince.

*William Cowper.*

X.

LOVE.



OD is love ; His mercy brightens  
 All the way in which we move—  
 Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens—  
 God is light and God is *love*.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Shall His ceaseless goodness prove ;  
 Through the mist His glory streameth,—  
 God is light and God is *love*.

*Bowring.*

XI.

LOVE.



THOU whose wisdom guides the way,  
 Though now it seem severe,  
 Forbid my unbelief to say,  
 ' There is no wisdom here.'

Lord ! if Thou bend my spirit low,  
*Love* only shall I see ;  
 The very hand that strikes the blow  
 Was wounded once for me.

## XII.

## LOVE.



'M apt to think, the man  
That could surround the sum of things  
and spy  
The heart of God and secrets of His  
empire,  
Would speak *but love*—with him the bright result  
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,  
And make one thing of all theology.

*Gambold.*

## XIII.

## LOVE.



F rightly trained and bred,  
Humanity is humble, finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse  
to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof ;  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
But *Love*, as Nature, loves the lonely poor.

*Wordsworth.*

## XIV.

## LOVE.



OULD we with ink the Ocean fill,  
Were the whole earth of parchment  
made ;  
Were every single stick a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade :

To write the *love* of God above,  
Would drain the Ocean dry ;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.\*

\* These comprehensive lines are said to have been written by  
an idiot.

XV.

THE PASTOR.



PARISH Priest was of the pilgrim train,  
An awful, reverend, and religious man,  
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might  
last

To sixty more, but that he lived to fast.

*Dryden.*

XVI.

THE PASTOR.



E, who your Lord's commission bear  
His way of mercy to prepare—  
Angels He calls you, be your strife  
To lead on earth an Angel's life.

XVII.

THE PASTOR.



E lived for others while he sojourned  
here,  
Made precious souls the objects of his  
care ;  
Denied himself to do another good,  
And preached forgiveness through the Saviour's  
blood :  
He now has gone to share a great reward,  
And dwell for ever with his gracious Lord.



## XVIII.

## THE PASTOR.



WHEN such a man, familiar with the  
 skies,  
 Has filled his urn where the pure  
 waters rise,  
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,—  
 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

## XIX.

## THE PASTOR.



WOE be to the priest, y-born,  
 That will not cleanly weed his corn,  
 And preach his charge among ;  
 Woe be to that shepherd, I say,  
 That will not watch his foes away,  
 As to his office doth belong ;  
 Woe be to him that doth not keep  
 From Romish wolves his sheep,  
 With staff and weapon strong.  
*The Welsh Bard Taliessyn.\**

## XX.

## THE PASTOR.



HIGH thoughts at first, and visions high,  
 Are ours of easy victory ;  
 The Word we bear seems so divine,  
 So framed for Adam's guilty line,—  
 That none, unto ourselves we say,  
 Of all his sinning, suffering race  
 Will hear that Word, so full of grace,  
 And coldly turn away.


\* From Usher's Religion of the Ancient Irish, c. x.

But soon a sadder mood comes round,  
High hopes have fallen to the ground,  
And the Ambassadors of Peace  
Go weeping that men will not cease  
To strive with Heaven; they inly mourn,  
That suffering men will not be blest,  
That weary men refuse to rest,  
And wanderers to return.

*Trench.*

XXI.


PRAYER.

HEN, kneeling down, to Heaven's  
eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the hus-  
band prays :  
Hope springs triumphant on exulting wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

*Burns.*

XXII.

THE DEPARTED.

H! it is sweet to die—to part from earth,  
And win all heaven for things of little  
worth—  
Then sure thou wouldst not, though  
thou couldst, awake  
The little slumberer for its mother's sake.  
It is when those we love in death depart,  
That earth has slightest hold upon the heart.

*Edmeston.*

## XXIII.

## THE DEPARTED.



FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear  
That mourns thy exit from a world like  
this ;

Forgive the wish that would have kept  
thee here,

And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss,  
No more confined by grovelling scenes of night,

No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;

Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,

And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

## XXIV.

## THE DEPARTED.



WHAT hallows ground where heroes sleep?

'Tis not the sculptured pile we heap ;

In dews that heavens far distant weep,

Their turf may bloom,

Or genii twine beneath the deep

Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,

Whose word or voice has served mankind.

And is he dead whose glorious mind

Lifts thine on high ?

To live in hearts we leave behind

Is not to die.

*Campbell.*

XXV.

THE DEPARTED.



ERVANT of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle o'er, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

The cry at midnight came,  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,—  
He fell, but felt no fear.

His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay ;  
His tent at sunrise on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.

*Montgomery.*

XXVI.

THE DEPARTED.



UR hearts are fastened to the world  
By strong and endless ties ;  
But every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end,  
It takes the most effectual means,  
And robs us of a friend.

*Young.*

XXVII.

THE DEPARTED.



OW is the stately column broke ;  
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver voice is still,  
The warder silent on the hill.

## XXVIII.

## HOLY SORROW.



H ! weep not for the gathered rose !  
 Oh ! mourn not for the friend that dies ;  
 In beauty's breast the flow'ret blows,  
 The soul is happy in the skies !

Weep not for these ! but weep for them,  
 The unloved, the friendless, the unknown ;  
 The flowers that wither on the stem,  
 The living that must live *alone* !

## XXIX.

## RELIGION.



T is not they who idly dwell  
 In cloister gray, or hermit cell,  
 In prayer and vigil, night and day,  
 Wearing all their time away,  
 Lord of Heaven ! that serve thee well.

## XXX.

## RELIGION.



LOVE to see yon glorious Sun  
 First tinge the East with purple dye,  
 And then with glowing splendour run  
 Along the lofty azure sky.

I love to see the Orb of night  
 Glide o'er her glittering starry way,  
 And with her brilliant silver light  
 Upon the water's surface play.

But lovelier still than these appear  
 Religion's calm and flowery ways ;  
 They soothe the vain sorrow, dry the tear,  
 And end with joy our earthly days.

XXXI.

HEAVENLY JOYS.

**F**OW fading are the joys we dote upon !  
Like apparitions seen and gone ;  
But those which soonest take their flight  
Are the most exquisite and strong ;  
Like angels' visits, short and bright,  
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

*John Norris, 17th Cent.*

XXXII.

HEAVENLY JOYS.

**I**N sacred loneliness,  
Apart from friends below,  
Lord, in Thy presence I find bliss  
Thou only canst bestow.

Alone, how can I feel ?  
When faith's clear vision seems like sight,  
When Truth's eternal stores reveal  
To my glad heart delight.  
Trembling, I seem to lie  
So near the heavenly portals bright,  
I catch the streaming rays that fly  
From eternity's own light.

*Sarah Martin.*

XXXIII.

WORLDLY JOYS.

**B**UT pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
Or like the snow falls on the river,  
A moment white, then melts for ever ;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.

*Burns.*

## XXXIV.

## PRAISE.



ERE every faltering tongue of man,  
 Almighty Father, silent in Thy praise,  
 Thy works themselves would raise a  
 general voice,

E'en in the depths of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod—proclaim Thy power,  
 And to the Choir Celestial Thee resound,  
 The eternal cause, support, and end of all.

## XXXV.

## GREATNESS.



HOU hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for Thee—  
 Earth, Air, and Skies ;  
 There's not a breathing of the common  
 wind

That will forget Thee—Thou hast great allies—  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

*Wordsworth.*

## XXXVI.

## MERCY.



HE quality of Mercy is not strained,  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from  
 Heaven  
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice  
 blessed ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch *better* than his crown:  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But *mercy* is above this sceptred sway ;  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;  
 An earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When Mercy seasons Justice.

*Shakespeare.*

XXXVII.

HUMILITY.



H, I would walk  
 A weary journey—to the furthest verge  
 Of the big world, to see that good  
 man's form,

Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,  
 Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,  
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,  
 Is as a child in meek simplicity.

*Kirke White.*

XXXVIII.

MEMORY.



HER charm around, the enchantress, Me-  
 mory, threw,—

A charm that soothes the mind, and  
 sweetens too !

But is her magic only felt below ?  
 Say through what brighter realms she bids it flow !  
 There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar,  
 No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
 And as the softening hand of Time endears  
 The joys and sorrows of our infant years,  
 So there the soul, released from human strife,  
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life,—  
 Its lights and shades, its sunshines and its  
 showers,—

As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

*Rogers.*



## XXXIX.

## SOLITUDE.



SACRED Solitude! Divine Retreat!  
Choice of the prudent! envy of the  
great!

By the pure stream, or in thy waving  
shade,

We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:  
The genuine offspring of her loved embrace,  
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.

*Young.*

## XL.

## SOLITUDE.



HERE is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,

There is a rapture in the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the universe, and feel

What I can e'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

*Byron.*

## XLI.

## FRIENDSHIP.



TRUE Friendship is a Gordian knot,

Which angel hands have tied;

By heavenly skill its textures wrought,

Who shall its folds divide?

In vain Death's all-triumphant sword

May strive the links to sever;

The union of the twisted cord

In Heaven shall last for ever!

XLII.

OLD AGE.



OR can the snows, which now cold age hath shed  
Upon thy reverend head,  
Quench or allay the noble fires within.  
For all that thou hast been, and all that youth  
can be,

Thou'rt yet—so fully still dost thou  
Possess the manhood and the bloom of wit.  
To things immortal time can do no wrong,  
And that which never is to die for ever must be young.

*Cowley.*

XLIII.

THE CHURCH.



HE has a charm, a word of fire,  
A pledge of love that cannot tire ;  
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,  
By rushing waves and falling stars,  
By every sign her Lord foretold,  
She sees the world is waxing old;  
And through the last and direst storm,  
Descries, by faith, her Saviour's form.

XLIV.

THE ABBEY JUMIEGES.



GLORIOUS remnant of the Gothic pile  
(Which once was Rome's) stood half apart  
In a grand arch,—which once screened many an  
aisle ;

The last had disappeared,—a loss to art,—  
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart  
Which mourned the power of time and temper's march,  
In gazing on the venerable arch.

*Byron.\**

\* Copied by the Editor from the ruins A.D. 1839, where 'the lame Lord,' as the Sacristan said, had carved them twenty years previous, and whose visit he well remembered.

## XLV.

## NIGHT.



THROUGH the day Thy love hath  
 spared us :  
 Now we lay us down to rest ;  
 Through the silent watches guard us !  
 Let no foe our peace molest !  
 Jesus, Thou our guardian be !  
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers ;  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes :  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers !  
 In Thine arms may we repose !  
 And, when life's sad day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in Heaven at last !

*Thomas Kelly.*

## XLVI.

## NIGHT.



OD, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light ;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night ;  
 May Thine angel-guards defend us !  
 Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us !  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong Night !

*Bishop Heber.*

XLVII.

THE HEART.



HINK not that e'er my heart could dwell  
Contented far from Thee :  
How can the fresh-caught nightingale  
Enjoy tranquillity ?  
O then forsake thy friend for naught  
That slanderous tongues can say :  
The heart that fixeth where it ought  
No power can rend away.\*

XLVIII.

LEBANON.



ID the deep silence of the pathless wild,  
Where kindlier Nature once profusely smiled,  
Th' eternal *cedars* stand; unknown their age,  
Untold their annals in historic page !  
All that around them stood, now far away,  
Single in ruin, mighty in decay !  
Between the mountains and the neighbouring main  
They claim the empire of the lonely plain.  
In solemn beauty through the clear blue light.  
The leafy columns rear their awful height !  
And they are still the same ; alike they mock  
Th' invader's menace and the tempest's shock ;  
And ere the world had bow'd at Cæsar's throne,  
Ere yet proud Rome's all-conquering name was known,  
They stood ; and fleeting centuries in vain  
Have poured their fury on the enduring fane,  
While in the progress of their long decay  
Thrones sink to dust and empires melt away.

*G. Howard.*

\* A translation from the Persian by the Reverend Henry Martyn.

## XLIX.

## LIBERTY.



OMPULSION, from its destined course,  
 The magnet may awhile detain:  
 But when no more withheld by force,  
 It trembles to the North again.  
 Thus, though the idle world may hold  
 My fetter'd thoughts awhile from Thee,  
 To Thee they spring when uncontroll'd  
 In all the warmth of liberty.

## L.

## CORRECTION.



ORD, as a tender mother day by day  
 Weans the weak babe she loves, lest  
 it should pine,  
 So wean us, Lord, so make us wholly  
 Thine,  
 Lest in our feebleness we start away  
 From Thy loved chastening ; for we could not  
 bear  
 The sudden vision of ourselves and Thee,  
 Or learn at once how vain our bright hopes be.  
 Then be our earthly weakness, Lord, Thy care,  
 And e'en in wounding heal, in breaking spare.

*Bishop Wilberforce.*

## LI.

## CONTROVERSY.



E *calm* in arguing, for *fierceness* makes  
*Error a fault*, and *truth discourtesy*.  
 Why should I feel another man's mis-  
 takes  
 More than his *sickness* or his poverty ?  
 In love I should : but anger is not love,  
 Nor *wisdom* neither ; therefore, gently move.

almness is great advantage : he that lets  
 another chafe, may warm him at *his* fire,  
 mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;  
 as cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.  
 'ruth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there  
 both often aim at, never hit, the sphere.

*George Herbert.*

LII.

THE SOUL.

**K** NOW'ST thou the value of a soul immortal?  
 Behold the midnight glory, worlds on worlds !  
 Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amaze ;  
 Ten thousand add; and twice ten thousand more;  
 Then weigh the whole,—one soul outweighs them *all*.

*Young.*

LIII.

MUSIC.

**A** HERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee ;  
 And like music on the waters,  
 Is thy sweet voice to me :  
 When as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming,  
 And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ;  
 Whose breast is gently heaving  
 As an infant asleep :  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee,  
 With a full but swift emotion,  
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

*Byron.*

## LIV.

## MUSIC.



LIKE the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier hours;  
 Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in music's breath.

Music! oh how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell!  
 Why should Feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are e'en more false than they;  
 Oh! 'tis only Music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

*Moore.*

## LV.

## MUSIC.



HERE the bright Seraphim, in burning  
 row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets  
 blow;  
 And the Cherubick host, in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly.

*Milton.*

## LVI.

## MUSIC.



AND storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light ;  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

*Milton.*

## LVII.

## THE LYRE.



HERE is a living spirit in the lyre,  
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;  
It speaks a language to the world unknown ;  
It speaks that language to the bard alone.

## LVIII.

## ST. AUGUSTINE.



HE child of tears, the child of tears,  
Of many hopes and anxious fears,  
Is better than the child whose birth  
Is ushered in with sounds of mirth.

Think not that nought is well below,  
Save when the tides of pleasure flow ;  
For tears can come from God above,  
The sacred tears of mother's love.

Despair not of thy wayward son,  
Nor think that all thou canst is done ;  
For not in vain those tears are shed,  
They must bring blessings on his head.



He cannot, must not, shall not die;  
 His life is ransomed for the sky;  
 Where God Himself shall dry thy tears,  
 And joys eternal banish fears.

Grief-wasted Mother, go thy way,  
 Be sure thy tears have won the day;  
 For prayers can ope the gates of Heaven;  
 All force to prayers and tears is given.\*

*Mackenzie.*

LIX.

MELANCTHON.

**T**HIS sun went down in cloudless skies,  
 Assured upon the morn to rise  
 In lovelier array.  
 But not, like earth's declining light,  
 To vanish back again to night;  
 The zenith where he now shall glow,  
 No bound, no setting beam can know—  
 Without a cloud or shade of woe  
 In that eternal day.

LX.

LYCIDAS.

**W**EEP no more, woful shepherds, weep no more.  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery flood!  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, with new and spangled ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves.

*Milton.*

\* The above lines are a sort of paraphrase from the confessions of *St. Augustine*, l. iii. c. ult. by the late F. Mackenzie.

## LXI.

## MILTON.



OR second He that rode sublime,  
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
 The secrets of the abyss to spy ;  
 He passed the flaming bounds of place  
 and time :

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.

*Gray.*

## LXII.

## GEORGE WHITFIELD.



E loved the world that hated him—the  
 tear  
 That dropped upon his Bible was sin-  
 cere ;

Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
 His only answer was a blameless life ;  
 And he that forged, and he that drew the dart  
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

*Cowper.*

## LXIII.

## SCHWARTZ.



IRM wast thou, humble and wise,  
 Honest, pure, free from disguise ;  
 Father of orphans, the widow's support ;  
 Comfort in sorrow of every sort.

To the benighted, dispenser of light ;  
 Doing and pointing to that which is right ;  
 Blessing to princes, to people, to me :  
 May I, my Father, be worthy of Thee,  
 Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

*The Rajah Sarabojee.*

## LXIV.

## HENRY MARTYN.

**H**ERE Martyn lies ! In manhood's early bloom,  
 The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb.  
 Religion, sorrowing o'er her fav'rite son,  
 Points to the glorious trophies which he won.  
 Immortal trophies ! Not with slaughter red,  
 Nor stained with tears by hapless orphans shed ;  
 But trophies of the cross ! In that dear name,  
 Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,  
 Onward he journeyed to that peaceful shore,  
 Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more.

*Macaulay.*

## LXV.

## LIFE.

**L**IVE while you live, the Epicure will say,  
 And give to pleasure each returning day ;  
 Live while you live, the Sacred Preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies :  
 Lord, in my view let both united be !  
 I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.

*Doddridge.*

## LXVI.


## LIFE.

**O**UR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar—  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home—  
 Heaven lies around us in our infancy ;  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy—  
 Yet he beholds the light, and whence it flows;  
 He sees it in his joy.

*Wordsworth.*


## LXVII.

## DEATH.

 O me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such a hold on life. To thee  
it is not  
So much even as the lifting of a latch—  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent walls.


## LXVIII.

## DEATH.

 WHAT is death ? 'Tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more ;  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all retouched again.

## LXIX.

## IN MEMORIAM.

 FOND and loving Spirit, thou  
Far, far away from me art now ;  
I miss the hand of friendship true,  
The heart that all my feelings knew.

But while my grief thus fills my heart,  
Thou in God's bosom lying art :  
Freed from the body's yoke at last,  
The gentle soul to life has past.

No, Spirit ! not one moment e'en  
Would I recall thee to this scene.  
Thou wert full worthy of my love,  
And God hath quickened thee above.

God will in turn raise me, and then  
 I shall rejoin thee once again ;  
 Into thy loving arms I'll fly,  
 Immortal thou, immortal I.

*Tennysen.*

LXX.

THE THREE GRACES.



H ! give me *Faith* !

The sweet assurance that a Saviour  
 died—

That, for my sins, His flesh was cru-  
 cified—

Lasting till death !

*Hope* give me, too !—

The glorious *hope* that Thou, O God ! art mine ;  
 This beacon light in me for ever shine,  
 Joyful and true.

And give me *Love* !

Love for my neighbour and Jehovah's name ;  
 Unfailing, boundless love my heart inflame,  
 Sprung from above.

Oh, give me Thee !

When Faith and Hope are lost in perfect sight ;  
 And holy Love shall shed her heavenly light  
 Eternally.

*R.*

LXXI.

FAITH.



HE childlike Faith that asks not sight

Waits not for wonder or for sign,

Believes, because it loves, aright,


Shall see things greater, things divine.

*Keble.*

LXXII.

FAITH AND WORKS.

*The Papyste.*


 F thou wilt take the Byble boke,  
And upon Saint James 'pystle loke,  
Ther you shall, I trowe, se  
How fayth is ther trewly applyed,  
And good workes with hym tyed ;  
Se how they do agre.

*The Christiane.*

Paul only of fayth,  
Of workes Saynt James fayth,  
God doth us iustifye ;  
Before God fayth thanne,  
And workes before manne,  
Concludeth this controversye.\*

LXXIII.

HOPE.

 EFLECTED on the lake, I love  
To see the stars of evening glow  
So tranquil in the heavens above,  
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
But *earthly* hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

*Bishop Heber.*

\* From 'An Answer to a papysticall exhortacyon, pretending to auoyde false doctrine, under that colour to maintayne the same.' No. 554, in the Lambeth Library. List of some of the early printed books by Dr. S. R. Maitland.

## LXXIV.

## THE CONVERTED HEATHEN.



HAT are they now? Morality may spare  
Her grave concern, her kind suspicion  
there;

The wretch, who once sang, wildly  
danced, and laughed,  
And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught,  
Has wept a silent flood, reversed his ways,  
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,  
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,  
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,  
And he that stole has learnt to steal no more.  
Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,  
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,  
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,  
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

*William Cowper.*

## LXXV.

## ISRAEL.



H! land of the godly, how lone and deserted!  
Thy tribes wander friendless, thy glory is gone.  
Thy prophets are silent, their glory departed,  
And hush'd is the voice of the Monarch of Song.

Midst the towers of thy Salem, the lone wolf is howling;  
O'er the wrecks of thy Temple the wild Arab strays;  
'Mong the tombs of thy Fathers the tiger is prowling;  
As a dream we remember the fame of thy days.

*Byron.*

LXXVI.

WOMAN.



WHAT is there in this vale of life  
Half so delightful as a wife,  
Where friendship, love, and peace combine

To stamp the marriage-bond divine ?  
The stream of pure and genuine love  
Derives its current from above ;  
And earth a second Eden shows,  
Where'er the healing water flows.

*William Cowper.*

LXXVII.

WOMAN.



SHE was a woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with  
the joy

Of her own thoughts ; by some especial care,  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A Being, who by adding love to peace,  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

*Wordsworth.*

LXXVIII.

WOMAN.



FEver angels walked on weary earth,  
In human likeness, thou wert one of  
them.

Thy native heaven was with thee, but  
subdued

By suffering, life's inevitable lot ;  
But the sweet spirit did assert its home  
By faith and hope, and only owned its yoke  
In the strong love that bound it to its kind.



## LXXIX.

## HOME.



HERE woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife  
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow vale of life  
 In the calm heaven of her delightful eye,  
 An angel guard of love and graces lie.

## LXXX.

## HOME.



Y own, my chosen home ! oh, what more blest  
 Than that sweet pause of troubles, when the morn  
 Flings off its burden, and when, long oppress'  
 By cares abroad and foreign toil, we find  
 Our native home again, and rest our head  
 Once more upon our own, long-lost, long wished for be

*The Earl of Derby.*

## LXXXI.

## THE MOTHER.




SAY, amid the wilderness of life,  
 What bosom would have throb'd like thine !  
 me ?

Who would have smiled responsive ? who in grief  
 Would ere have felt, or feeling, grieved like thee ?

LXXXII.

THE SABBATH.


EAM on us brightly, blessed day,  
Dawn softly for our Saviour's sake ;  
And waft thy sweetness o'er our way,  
To draw us heavenward when we  
wake.

O holy life that shall not end,  
Light that will never cease to be,—  
May every Sabbath-day we spend  
Add to our happiness in Thee.

*A. L. Waring.*

LXXXIII.


THE SABBATH.

SUNDAY well spent  
Brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of the  
morrow :  
But the *Lord's Day* profaned,  
Whatsoe'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

*Sir Matthew Hale.*

LXXXIV.

THE SABBATH.

HE Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King.  
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope ;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

*George Herbert.*

LXXXV.

## THE FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

**E**VERY science, power, or art,  
Which tends to foster in the heart  
Knowledge of Nature's laws,  
Must, sanctified by grace divine,  
Precept on precept, line on line,  
Exalt the First Great Cause.

LXXXVI.

## THE CROSS.

**I**F loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wish might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee

We need as much the Cross we bear,  
As air we breathe—as light we see;  
It draws us to thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

*A. L. Waring*

LXXXVII.

## THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

**T**HUS when the lamp that lighted  
The traveller at first goes out,  
He feels awhile benighted,  
And lingers on in fear and doubt.

But soon, the prospect clearing,  
In cloudless starlight on he treads;  
And finds no lamp so cheering  
As that light which heaven sheds.

*Thomas Moor*

LXXXVIII.

THE REST OF HEAVEN.



SEE how yon cloudlet climbs the welkin  
lone,  
Like lambling strayed from some gold-  
fleecy flock,  
Low folded by the sun ; now, dimmer grown  
Upon the æry mountain side ; and now,  
Absorbed into Heaven's infinite dome it dies  
Saint-like, on the invisible breast of God ;  
Wherein is rest for all things. Thunder, there  
Complains no more ; nor the blue flashing levin,  
The Seraphim and Cherubim of storms ;  
But hushed to silence, and their tear-blind eyes  
Crushed to his fatherly bosom, sleep in peace.

*Philip James Bailey*

LXXXIX.

THE CHRISTIAN FOLD.



VEN so, in hope and trembling  
Should watchful shepherd view  
His little lambs assembling,  
With glance both kind and true ;  
'Tis not the eye of keenest blaze,  
Nor the quick-swelling breast,  
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—  
These do not please him best.  
But voices low and gentle,  
And timid glances shy,  
That seem for aid parental  
To sue all wistfully,  
Still pressing, longing to be right,  
Yet fearing to be wrong—  
In these the Pastor dares delight  
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng.

*Keble.*

XC.

HEAVEN.



F God could make this world so fair,  
Where death and sin abound—  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found !

*J. Montgomery.*

XCI.

HEAVEN.



THERE'S rest for the soul that on Jesus relies ;  
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the  
skies ;  
There's a joy in believing, a peace and a stay  
Which the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

XCII.

HEAVEN.



THERE is a place, beyond that flaming  
hill,  
From whence the stars their thin ap-  
pearance shed ;  
A place beyond all place ; where never ill  
Nor impure thought was ever harboured ;  
But saintly heroes are for ever said  
To keep an everlasting sabbath's rest.

XCIII.

HEAVEN.



H ! what a chorus shall the ransomed  
sing,  
When standing round the throne of God  
their king !  
Methinks I hear the golden harps' vibration,  
And every note is full and free salvation.

XCIV.

HEAVEN.



CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow ;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow ;  
E'en in its very motion there was rest ;  
While every breath of wind that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the beauteous traveller to the West.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of heav'n ;  
Where to the eye of faith its peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

*Wilson.*

XCV.

HEAVEN.



ONE Sun by day, by night ten thousand  
shine,  
And light us deep into the Deity ;  
How boundless in magnificence and  
Might !  
O what a confluence of ethereal Fires,  
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of Heaven  
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !  
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart :  
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts ;  
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

*Young.*

## XCVI.

## HEAVEN.



SHOULD not the exile, Lord, desire  
 His own sweet realm to see ?  
 The bride to greet her absent lord ?  
 The prisoner to be free ?

When we amid this stormy world,  
 Feel like the homeless dove,  
 We would in spirit spread the wing,  
 To flee to Thee we love.

## XCVII.

## HEAVEN.



THEY may stand near to the pearly gates,  
 May be close to the Ear of Heaven ;  
 But who would dwell in the servant's  
 lodge,  
 When the Mansion-house is given ?

## XCVIII.

## IMMORTALITY.



IT matters little at what hour o' the day  
 The righteous fall asleep ; death cannot  
 come  
 To him untimely who is fit to die :  
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven ;  
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

*Milman.*

## XCIX.

## ETERNITY.



OW welcome those untrodden spheres!  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from Earth, and find all fears  
Lost in thy light—Eternity.

Oh! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares;  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

*Byron.*

## C.

## ETERNITY.



OW swift the torrent rolls  
That hastens to the sea!  
How strong the tide that bears our souls  
On to Eternity!

So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gentle shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.\*

## CI.

## PARTING.



HEN eyes are beaming  
What never tongue might tell;  
When tears are streaming  
From their crystal cell;  
When hands are linked that dread to part,  
And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart  
Of them that bid farewell!

\* From a tombstone in Hornsey Churchyard.



When hope is chidden  
 That fain of bliss would tell,  
 And love forbidden  
 In the breast to dwell ;  
 When fettered by a viewless chain,  
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,  
 Oh ! death were mercy to the pain  
 Of them that bid farewell.

*Bishop Heber.*

CII.

PARTING.



NOT as the worldling bids farewell  
 While earthly wishes bound his view ;  
 Whose but the Christian's tongue can  
 tell  
 The fulness of the word *Adieu !*

Cling to the Uncreated Friend,  
 To Jesus, the supremely true ;  
 And oh ! thy welfare I commend  
 To Him, while I pronounce *Adieu !*

CIII.

PARTING.



HEN forced to part from those we love,  
 Though sure to meet to-morrow ;  
 We still a kind of anguish prove,  
 We feel a touch of sorrow.

Yet oh ! what words can paint the tears  
 We shed, when thus we sever,  
 If doomed to part for months, for years,  
 To part, perhaps for ever ?

Yet if our views are fixed aright,  
A sacred hope is given ;  
Though here our prospects end in night,  
We'll meet again in Heaven.

Then let us form those bonds above,  
Which time can ne'er dissever ;  
Since parting in a Saviour's love,  
We part, to meet for ever !







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